Beaver & Gephart

Bellefonte Republican.

VOL. XXIII BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 19, 1891. NO. 12.

Established in 1869 } "Let us see to it that a Government, of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."---A. LINCOLN Terms: $1 50 p r Year

Washington News.

Our National Capital Happenings!

[Special correspondence DAILY NEWS.]

WASHINGTON, March 16, 1891.

The President signalized his return to Washinton from his short hunting trip by an act of justice that entitles him to the praise of all fair minded men. During his absence one Albert Ordway, who manages to make a very good thing, a "snap" indeed, out of being Brigadier General of the National Guard of the District of Columbia, Indexer of the old Congressional Record and the holder of several other sin cure positions for which kind old Uncle Sam foots the bills, issued an official order di-banding the two batallions of colored troops attached to the District National Guard for the alleged reason that the appropriation made by Congress for armory rents was insufficient for all, and that the two colored batallions, being unattached to regiments, could be best spared.

This order of course raised a rumpus in the city; it was talked of everywhere and by everybody, and it was generally condemned as unjust, because of the good record of the colored militia. As soon as the President returned the matter was laid before, and he at once said: "This shall not be carried out; if it shall be shown that it is absolutely necessary to disband a portion of the district militia no color line shall be drawn in selecting the commands to be dropped." Now little Ordway, small in size and smaller in intellect, is trying to "explain" his action, which may be the cause of his losing some of the "snaps" he has enjoyed so long that he has reached that period almost certain to come to men who have for years drawn big money for nominal services, of believing that the places belong to them personally.

Attorney-General Miller, to whom was referred the question of the President's right to appoint the nine U. S. Circuit Court judges created by the last Congress during the recess of Congress, has rendered an opinion in which he claims that the President has that right. The same question arose during the Cleveland administration, and Solicitor General Jenks gave an opinion similar to that just handed the President by the Attorney General and upon the same grounds. The President has not given any intimation of whether he will make the appointments now or wait until Congress meets again, but it is believed that he is now considering the matter and that he will make a definite decision in a short time.

Treasurer Huston, who has been more lied about than any member of the administration, is back at his official desk quietly attending to his business. "I do not know," he said to-day, "how long I shall retain my office. My resignation was tendered to the President February 24, and right here I wish to say that it was not the result of any hard feeling toward the President or any member of his administration, but because I wished to give up the office, which I shall gladly do as soon as my successor has been named." Speaking of national politics, Mr. Huston thinks that it is high time that the republicans were actively organizing and working for next year's campaign.

No President ever had a higher idea of the rightful prerogatives of his position, or was quicker to resent any invasion of them than is *Mr.* Harrison, although he does it always in an inoffensive manner. Here is a case in point. There is a vacancy in the office of Surveyor General of Minnesota, and Col. Buckley of that State is a prominent candidate therefor. The other day several Minnesota Representatives, headed by Mr. Hall, who acted as spokesman, called on Mr. Harrison in behalf of Col. Buckley. After praising that gentleman highly, Mr. Hall closed by saying: "I do not ask you to make the appointment, for I know that it is a Senatorial appoint"—meaning that it belong d to that class of appointments usually made on the recommendation of the Senators. The President looked at him quizzically for a moment, stepped up close to Mr. Hall and placing his arm around that gentleman's shoulder said: "I beg your pardon, Mr. Hall, it is a Presidential appointment."

There is no doubt about where Senator Cullom stands as to the republican nominee next year. He had just come from a private conference with the President when he was asked for some political views. He replied: "I have just had a talk with the man who will be nominated by the republican party next year, and who will be elected."

It is expected that the programme for the President's Pacific Coast trip will shortly be announced. Invitations are pouring into Washington from cities all along the expected route that desire the honor of entertaining the distinguished party.

Conference Appointments.

The M. E. church conference has adjourned. Before doing so they offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That our deepest sympathies are hereby extended to the family of Rev. Daniel Hartman, deceased, and our most earnest prayers are offered in their behalf, that this great bereavement may be blessed to their comfort and redound to the glory of God.

This report of the board of stewards was submitted and adopted: $10,000 was the amount asked for the next year, apportioned as follows: Altoona district, $2 050; Danville district, $2,100; Harrisburg district, $2,100; Juniata district, $1,700; Williamsport district, $2,050.

The statistician made the following report: Expended in repairs, $114,831; present total indebtedness, $32.505; number of probationers, 7,226; number of full members, 46,966. Contributed for benevolences: missions, $39,347; church extension, $3.111; Freedmen's Aid, $3,418; Bible cause, $537; tracts, $480; Sunday School Union, $487; church property is valued at $2,244,672; parsonage property, $142,140; total indebtedness on church and parsonage property, $142,140.

Among other items brought out in the report of the committee on education and the discussion which followed on the unification of our educational societies was the distribution made to young men in the last six years by the educational board. For 1885 thirteen young men, $625; for 1886, fifteen young men, $750; for 1887, seventeen young men, $900; for 1888, seventeen young men, $1,200; for 1889, seventeen young men, $1,200; for 1890, twenty-two young men, $987.50.

Following are the nearby appointments:

Bellefonte, W. A. Houck.
Halfmoon, A. P. Wharton.
Howard, N. B. Smith.
Milesburg and Unionville, G. W. Bouse.
Morrisdale, R J Illingworth.
Pennsvalley, Elisha Shoemaker.
Philipsburg, J. H McGarrah.
Pine Grove, A. L. Miller.
Pleasant Gap, F. W. Leidy.
Port Matilda, J. C. Young.
Snow Shoe, W. W. Cadle.
Warriorsmark, J. W. Ely.
Presiding Elder for this district—Rev. B. B. Hamlin.

—A Farmer's Institute will be held in Clearfield on the 26th of this month.

Better Protection.

More Light or More Police Needed in Bellefonte at Night.

MR. EDITOR:—Owing to the fact that quite a number of petty robberies and attempts to rob have been committed just recently it occurs to me that this town is sadly lacking in one or two things, or both, for that matter. One is better police protection at night. I do not know if the police, or any one of them, pretend to guard the town while others sleep, but one thing is certain, I have never yet come across one of these special guardians of the peace later than ten o'clock at night and I, owing to my profession have been on the streets at all hours of the night. Bellefonte should, by all means, have a night watchman whose duty it was to parade the streets at stated intervals, and then a man could go to bed with some feeling of security in the belief that when he got up in the morning he could find his pants on the chair beside his bed and not a street corner a block or so away.

Another thing Bellefonte needs is the street lights kept burning all night; and this could and should be done. The price the tax payers are now paying for the arc light justifies them in demanding that they have the benefit of the same to the fullest extent. All the depredations that have been committed in Bellefonte were committed in the early hours of the morning when not one light was visible anywhere and the darkness so intense that a man could not be seen from one house to another. The majority of the fires that have, in time passed, occured in this place, and which were believed to have been incendiary, originated after midnight and when the town was shrouded in darkness.

Give us more light and more police and there will be no necessity for fear from burglars. With the town always light, a watchman always on the alert, no man is going to brave the risks of detection and capture for the sake of the few paltry dollars he may be able to get in some man's house. It requires courage to rob a house and this courage is sadly lacking when a man has to break in a window, under the full glare of the electric light and not knowing what minute a policeman may come around the corner.

The time has come when this question needs more than a favorable consideration. It needs prompt action on the part of the borough authorities. The safety of the residents of the borough and of their property demands it. The changes necessary should be made without additional cost. Why as things are now a man may go to bed in the evening with a hundred dollars in his pocket and, if he be a sound sleeper, wake up in the morning minus the hundred dollars and, maybe, the pocket. It is not safe to lie down unless a man sleeps with one eye open and a 32-calibre revolver in his hand. Let the citizens of Bellefonte take action in this matter and see to it that they get full value of their money in light and protection.

ERASMUS.

Pennsylvania Schools.

Superintendent of Public Instruction D. J. Waller states in his report to the Census Bureau that there are 14,195 school houses in Penna. There are over 65,000 pupils in nearly 200 Catholic, over 4,000 pupils in 50 Lutheran schools, about 600 pupils in 13 Episcopal schools, and 800 pupils in 12 Evangelical and single German Presbyterian, Reformed and Reformed Episcopal schools.

TENNESSEE lawyers appear to have adopted the Ohio editorial method of settling difficulties with pistols. It is a very bad method.

ISN'T it about time for the democratic press to stop circulating misrepresentations about the reciprocity treaty with Brazil? First they said there would be no treaty. Well, the treaty was negotiated. Then they said the treaty would not be approved by the Brazilian government, which has been proven false by the arrival of the official proclamation of the president of Brazil promulgating the treaty and explaining its provisions. Now, because there is nothing else to say, they are shouting that the treaty will be of no benefit to the United States. Come gentlemen, this is childish; if you are not willing to drop your partisanship long enough to give the administration credit for having brought about a good thing, at least have the decency to keep quiet.

"HURRAH for Governor Hogg of Texas," one is inclined to yell upon learning that he is opposed to the gerrymandering of the Congressional districts in that State, believing that a Congressional district ought to be a compact, square thing, but one's ardor is slightly dampened upon reading the editorial comment upon the Governor's views, in the Baltimore *Sun*: "With a democratic majority of 200,000 it is probably possible to heed the Governor's advice without imperilling a solid democratic delegation." That is always the policy of the democratic party, which is only willing to do right when it can be done without political loss.

So the democrats think they should be recognized in the appointment of the nine new United States Circuit Court judges, do they? well, that is rich. Pray how many republicans did Grover Cleveland appoint to office during his term as President? No, boys. You needn't waste any time hunting up endorsements for democrats, the new judges will all be republicans.

KENTUCKY seems to have taken its cue from Senator Carlisle, who is himself a candidate, and is announcing in trumpet tones its opposition to the nomination of Cleveland. Watterson having, in his own mind, effectually disposed of Hill, Carlisle is evidently proceeding in the same manner to dispose of Cleveland. Wonder how these gallant blue grass boys will take their crow next year?

A PROMINENT Southern paper says: "It is becoming every day more apparent that the vast majority of the negroes are not disposed to take an active part in politics." The same may be said of the Jews in Russia, and the reasons in both cases are the same—because they are not allowed to.

EX-SPEAKER REED'S head is level on business as well as politics. He recently said: "Advertisement is the absolute pre-requisite to the sale of goods." There are still a few people in this vicinity whose minds have not yet grasped this fact.

MONEY well spent is never extravagantly spent. Not a dollar was appropriated by the last Congress that will not be well spent, as will be plainly apparent before the next Presidential election.

THE Virginia Farmers' Alliance is entitled to the bakery for doing the very worst thing possible. It proposes to establish a cigarette factory at Danville in that state.

THE noted Kentuckian, Henry Watterson, should not continue to belabor a man after he is down, as he is doing Governor-Senator Hill.

THE legislature of California has set a worthy example in appropriating $300,000 for the State exhibit at the World's fair.

Over the Rockies.

Interesting Local Mention by a Church Correspondent.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Christian Leader* details the particulars of a trip east over the Alleghenny mountains, apparently in connection with some business relative to the Howard Disciple church matter. We make a couple of extracts from the letter, not because we are interested in the dispute or whatever it is, but on account of the local mention, as follows: "We climbed the Alleghenies on one side and slipped down on the other. We passed through Altoona and through Tyrone, and then, by the Bald Eagle Valley railroad, reached Bellefonte, a beautiful town situated in the midst of sparkling springs and gurgling streams, where reside ex-Governors Curtin and Beaver. Here I spent thirty-six hours, during which time I gave my deposition in a case of the right of church property.

"Here I met a number of the loyal -hearted disciples of Christ, viz: H. L. Harvey, A. J. Gardner and R. C. Leathers, elders of the Howard congregation, and Reuben Wagner and A. W. Gardner, deacons. I sojourned with the venerable *J.* J. Lingle, who is eighty years of age, and his consort, seventy-five years old, both still quite active both in body and mind. They are an intelligent and wideawake couple of worthies. Here also live Howard Lingle, M. I. Gardner and wife, Ruth Yarnell and Isaac Yarnell. From Mt. Eagle, I met Nancy J. Leathers, Theodore Leathers and Charles Leathers; from Howard, Mrs. A. J. Gardner, W. R. Gardner, D. W. Pletcher and Ira Leathers; from Eagleville, Daniel Bitner, John Bitner, Wm. Scantling and V. S. Smith; from Flemington, G. W. Headly, an evangelist of considerable ability—"self-made"—and a brother who has been very successful in winning souls to Christ. I made the acquaintance of some of these brethren twenty-one years ago at a meeting I held at Beech Creek, where we had eighty-five additions, some of whom I met on this occasion.

"Col. J. L. Spangler, the attorney who took our deposition, is a brilliant man with a bright future before him in the legal profession, with a probability of high political promotion. I found him a gentleman in every sense of the word. Though not a member of the Church of Christ, he expressed a high regard for the high Scriptural intelligence of the disciples of Christ, from whom in a few days, he said, he had learned more Scripture and obtained more knowledge of the Bible than he had learned in all his life. There is good timber in him for a christian and an eminent preacher of the gospel.

No greater diplomatic triumph has ever been achieved by any Secretary of State than that gained by Mr. Blaine in compelling the British Government to abandon its position in the Behring Sea dispute and agree to submit the matter to arbitration in the manner proposed by Mr. Blaine. It is a matter for congratulation that a satisfactory agreement has been reached before the opening of the sealing season this year, to which a great many people have been looking forward with apprehension. The dignity and honor of the country has been maintained, as it always has been and always will be when a republican is at the helm of the ship of state, and it has not been necessary to either bluster or fight.

POSTMASTER GENERAL WANAMAKER'S ambition to make the free delivery service universal, is a most worthy one, and one that every good citizen will hope to see accomplished in the near future.

E[illegible] ROAD.

The glor[illegible] has passed from the golden-rod's plume,
The purple-hued asters still linger in bloom;
The birch is bright yellow, the sumachs are red,
The maples like torches aflame overhead.

But what if the joy of the summer is past,
And winter's wild herald is blowing his blast?
For me dull November is sweeter than May,
For my love is its sunshine—she meets me to-day!

Will she come? Will the ring-dove return to her nest?
Will the needle swing back from the east or the west?
At the stroke of the hour she will be at her gate;
A friend may prove laggard—love never comes late.

Do I see her afar in the distance? Not yet.
Too early! Too early! She could not forget!
When I cross the old bridge where the brook overflowed
She will flash full in sight at the turn of the road.

I pass the low wall where the ivy entwines;
I try the brown pathway that leads through the pines;
I haste by the boulder that lies in the field,
Where her promise at parting was lovingly sealed.

Will she come by the hillside or round through the wood?
Will she wear her brown dress or her mantle and hood?
The minute draws near—but her watch may go wrong;
My heart will be asking: What keeps her so long?

Why doubt for a moment? More shame if I do!
Why question? Why tremble? Are angels more true?
She would come to the lover who calls her his own
Though she trod in the track of a whirling cyclone!

I crossed the old bridge ere the minute had passed
I looked; lo! my love stood before me at last.
Her eyes, how they sparkled, her cheeks, how they glowed,
As we met, face to face, at the turn of the road!

—[Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the Atlantic.

A NOTABLE BLIND MAN.

His Remarkable Work in Writing a Scientific Book.

Living at 66 Union street, Jersey City Heights, is a blind gentleman who enjoys the distinction of being one of the foremost mathematicians in America.

His aptitude for the higher branches of mathematics amounts to a positive genius, for he has accomplished greater results in this branch of science than many of the most distinguished college professors.

Besides being a mathematician of the first rank, Lewis B. Carll is a superior classical scholar, an excellent theoretical chemist, and a fair musician. Yet he has never seen the light of the sun, for he was born without sight.

How it has been possible for a man so handicapped in the race of life to outstrip the majority of his competitors is a wonder. The story of his life furnishes a remarkable example of perseverance and patient industry applied to the attainment of noble ends. Mr. Carll was born at Whitestone, L. I., June 15, 1843. When he was 11 years old he was sent to the New York Institute for the Blind at 9th avenue and 34th street. Here he remained seven years, during which time he showed such a marked inclination for study that it was resolved to give him a thorough classical education, with the view of fitting him for the profession of tutor. He was sent, therefore, to the Fairfield Academy at Flushing, L. I., to prepare himself for college. In 1866 he entered Columbia, and was graduated from that university in 1870. Seth Low, now the president of the college, graduated first in the class. The second honors were awarded to Mr. Carll.

While in college, the attention of the blind student was called to the fact that there was no work in English of recent date treating on the calculus of variations. Differential calculus was taught in the higher classes, but the more abstruse branch of the science was neglected for lack of any text books on the subject. Mr. Carll set himself to the task of supplying the deficiency. For six or seven years he studied everything that had been written on the subject in the French and German languages. Thus equipped, he entered upon the more laborious work of composition, and after three years of close application finished his book. It appeared in 1881, under the title of "A Treatise on the Calculus of Variations," and created a profound impression among mathematicians, both in this country and abroad. Few of the learned men who praised the work for its lucidity knew of the difficulties under which the author had labored.

Only those very rare, abnormal men, whose true earnestness lies not in the personal and practical, but in the objective and theoretical, are able to apprehend the essential qualities of things and of the world—that is, the highest truths, and reproduce them in any way. For such an earnestness, not concerned with the individual, lying in the objective, is something foreign to human nature, something unnatural, properly, supernatural; yes, without it, a great man is impossible, and accordingly his productions are then ascribed to a genius different from him, that takes full possession of him.

Pasteur is famous for his absent-mindedness. It is said that he would frequently forget to eat his dinner if some one did not remind him of it.

The Democratic Factions.

Bellefonte Cor. Williamsport Gaz. and Bul.

There are two factions in the Democratic party of this county. P. Gray Meek, now State Senator, heads the "Ultries," who believe in nothing but what the southern brigadiers approve. Colonel Spangler is the head of the other faction, which believes in progress within the lines of the democratic party.

The heads of these two factions with a few of their choice friends, recently met in conference to adjust their differences. The members of the conference were Colonel Spangler, David Fortney, Bismark Heinle and Senator Meek.

The first serious question that divided their counsels was: "Is a tariff a tax?" After considerable wrangling Bismark Heinle, in his blandest language, proposed to settle the dispute by playing a game of Jeffersonian simplicity, known among ancient democrats as "straight poker." This proposition was unanimously agreed to, and the game commenced, during which Senator Meek showed four aces, Spangler three of a kind and Bismark a straight flush, whilst Fortney innocently held two duces. Each conferee seeing that extensive cheating had been going on grabbed for the "jack pot;" the lights were turned off and the meeting broke up in a row with most of the "jack pot" in the possession of Bismark, and the question "is the tariff a tax?" remains unsolved, and Bismark says he don't care a continental how it is decided.

At this season of the year when malaria lurks in the air, and bad colds not an unfrequent visitor, we long for a quick and effective remedy. There is scarcely a home without a sufferer from some of the many ills the flesh is heir to. A stimulant is after the intermediator. It is quick and effective. It brings relief and saves doctors bills. We can reccommend Mr. Max Klein for anything in the liquor line. His silver age Rye at $1.50 per quart is the best whiskey in the market. He will sell any Pennsylvania Rye Whiskey six years old, at 1.00 for each quart, or six for $5.00. Send for his price list and catalogue and mention this paper.
Address MAX KLEIN,
82 Federal st., Allegheny, Pa.

Leeves Break.

MEMPHIS, March 12.—The leeves at Corley's Lake, thirty miles south of this city, gave way late last night, and the water pouring into the little village completely flooding everything. The tracks of the Louisville, New Orleans and Texas road are completely cubmerged and the water is now reported rising.

VICKSBURG, March 12.—News was received today of a break in the levee near Sun Flower landing, in Coahama county, three miles north of Bolivar on the county line. At 8 o'clock this morning the break was 150 feet wide. The water from this break will go into the Hushpuckana and thence into Sun Flower river. It will overflow the Bolivar Loop railroad and trains on the line are expected to stop today.

A Lady's Perfect Companion.

"Painless Childbirth," our new book tells how *any* woman may become a mother *without suffering any pain whatever*. Also, how to treat and overcome morning sickness, swelled limbs and other evils attending pregnancy. It is reliable, and highly endorsed by physicians as the wife's true private companion. Send two-cent stamp for descriptive circulars and confidential letter, sent in sealed envelope. Address FRANK THOMAS & Co., Publishers, Baltimore, Md.

Sutherland Re-Arrested.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., March 13.—H. E. Sutherland, of Hazleton, who was recently arrested for sending obscene letters through the mail, defaming character of Rev. Mr. Donoghue, of Bloomsburg, was re-arrested to-day and brought to this city. He was taken before the United States commisioner, where specific charges were made against him for sending obscene circulars and letters to Rev. D. S. Monroe, of Altoona, and Rev. Moses Williams, of Catawassa. Bail was fixed at $6,000 for his appearance at the United States court, which he furnished.

A Brave Union Soldier.

CINCINNATI, March 13.—A private dispatch from Toledo, Ohio, announces the death there today of General John W. Fuller. General Fuller had a brilliant record during the rebellion. He was the first colonel of the Twenty-seventh Ohio infantry.

He distinguished himself by a defeat of Forest at Parker's Cross Roads, Tenn., in 1862, and again the battle of Corinth in the same year.

His division met the heavy shock of a large portion of Hood's army at the battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864, and at that time General Fuller performed an act of personal valor not often repeated during the war. He was subsequently made brevet major general, and commanded a division. General Fuller retired from business some years ago on account of ill health.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease 'Comsumption," is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and all throat and lung Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his Remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing and may prove a blessing, will please address REV. EDWARD A. WILTON, Williamsburg, Kings County, New York.

Si ting Bull

The Great Divide for March has been received and is the most attractive number of this original and striking journal that we have yet seen. A brilliant feature, worthy of special mention, is the Art Supplement, an aqurelle portrait of Sitting Bull in seven colors, showing the great medicine man of the Sioux in full costume. The stories, poems, scientific and descriptive articles in this number are more than usually attractive, and are made doubly interesting by copious and artistic illustrations A copy of this special art issue will be sent to anyone addressing The Great Divide at Denver, Colorado and enclosing ten cents.

Guaranteed Cure for La Grippe.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with La Grippe and will use this remedy according to directions, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We make this offer because of the wonderful success of Dr. King's New Discovery during last season's epidemic Have heard of no case in which it failed. Try it. Trial bottles free at C M. Parrish's drug store. Large size 50c and $1.00.

Election of Officers

On Friday evening Constans Commandery, No. 33, Knight Templars, elected and installed the following officers:

Eminent Commander—I. Newton Gordon.
Generalissmo—Geo. B. Johnston
Capt. Gen'l.—S. M. Buck.
Treasurer—John P. Harris.
Recorder—John C. Miller.
Trustees—W. Fred Jackson, L. T. Munson and Geo. W. Jackson.

The Eminent Commander also accepted for the Cammandery an invitation to attend the Grand Conclave to be held at Erie, on the 26th and 27th of May.

—What will the building boom be in Bellefonte this year? Thus far we have heard of very few new buildings to be erected. But then one can never tell in Bellefonte just what will be done. Ideas are conceived, plans perfected and operations commenced all within a fortnight.

The Y's Entertainment.

The W. C. T. U. rooms were crowded on Friday evening all the time by both old and young who came to patronize the entertainment given by the young women's branch of that organization. Once inside the rooms and the visitor thought himself in fairyland. Handsome booths were skillfully arranged from which bewitching and fascinating young ladies sold candies and cakes, while from every corner and nook rose the sweet strains of music. There was a red booth—that is a booth all trimmed in red—from which Misses Louisa Hoy and Mary Blanchard dispensed home made candies. Then there was a chocolate booth from which Miss Ida Gerberich dispensed chocolate, chocolate cakes and candies. Miss Ella Rhone presided over the big pie and dealt out generous slices—of prizes, etc.—at 5 cents a slice. Of the music it might be said that at no entertainment held in Bellefonte for a year has there been such a surfeit of harmonious strains. Mr. Frank Morrow, the young banjo and guitarist, of Tyrone, delighted all with his excellent performance. Another feature that deserves special mention was the "Sleighride Symphony;" this was one conglomeration of musical strains as performed on a score of instruments. During the rendition Mrs. Bonbright presided at the piano. All in all it was an evening of most enjoyable entertainment.

To Correspodents.

It is really astounding how few writers for the local papers bear in mind several very important facts. That they should always sign their name; no newspaper worthy of the name will publish an anonymous communication. That communications must be written on one side of the paper *only*; otherwise they are always consigned to the waste basket. To avoid items of personal enmity a newspaper is no medium through which individuals can carry on personal quarrels. And last to observe that it is against the rules of all papers to publish communications that are nought else but well written advertisements for business men in some part of the county. A communication was received at this office to-day that was made up of one personal item, one humorous, and eight puffs for local business men Of course it will not be published. We do not object to inserting an occasional puff for a good patron but we very quickly draw the line on giving gratuitous advertising to an endless number. We are always glad to receive good, newsy and readable communications and will always give them prompt and careful attention but we have no use for well written free advertising matter.

—The Central Pennsylvania Conference now in sess on at Sunbury, has a membership of 335 ministers, and 51,400 lay members. Within its councils are employed many of the most active and talented ministers, and its membership shows in gifts and efforts results that rank it among the most useful and prosperous. The statistics presented in the reports of Presiding Elders show a steady and substantial increase all along the line.

Making More Room.

For some time past Mr W H. Wilkinson has felt somewhat crowded and sadly in need of more room. When he told Mr. Shugert that fact that gentleman proposed putting up a gallery. This suggestion was immediately thought to be just the thing, and agreeable therewith, carpenters have been at work a couple days and have now almost completed a very large and commodious gallery which when completed will add one-third more storage and display room and enhance the appearance of the building as well.

Aunt Rachel's Elecampane Cordial.

Distress after eating, one of the most unpleasant results of indigestion, will no longer be experienced if a wine glass full of old Aunt Rachel's Horehound, Elecampane and Grape Juice is taken after each meal. By persevering in the use of this remedy for a few weeks a permanent cure will be effected and pain will no longer be the penalty of eating. For sale by druggists.

—One more week of cold, rough weather may be expected after which there is a probability that spring will set in.

Steady employment and liberal wages is offered in another column by Sears, Henry & Co., Geneva, N. Y. They are a reliable firm. Established 1865.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF THAT CAN BE RELIED ON

BE UP TO THE MARK

Not to Split!
Not to Discolor!

BEARS THIS MARK.

TRADE CELLULOID MARK.

NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.

THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

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J. C. FINN Furnishing & Decorating Co.

WALNUT & 10TH STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

ARTISTIC FURNITURE. DRAPERIES & UPHOLSTERY. FINE WALL PAPERS. FRESCOING & PAINTING.

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RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Dec. 14, 1890.

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	A.M	P.M
		WESTWARD		
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 15	4 20
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	9 19	4 23
Mill Hall	3.0	4 46	9 22	4 26
Beech Creek	8.3	4 56	9 34	4 36
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	37	4 40
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 48	4 49
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	9 56	4 55
Curtin	19.9	5 18	10 01	5 02
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 12	5 10
BELLEFONTE	23.7	5 35	10 25	5 20
Milesburg	23.5	5 46	10 35	30
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 48	10 3[illegible]	[illegible]
Unionville	28.5	5 55	10 48	5 41
Julian	32.9	6 05	10 59	5 50
Martha	37.6	6 12	11 09	5 59
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	11 17	6 06
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 [illegible]	6 13
Fowler—f	45.6	6 30	[illegible]	6 15
Dix—f	46.3	6 33	11 32	6 19
Bald Eagle	49.5	6 40	11 38	6 21
Vail	51.2	6 44	11 43	6 26
East Tyrone	53.0	6 48	11 48	6 28
TYRONE	54.8	6 55	11 55	6 40
STATIONS	Dis	A.M	P. M.	P.M.
		EASTWARD		
TYRONE		8 10	3 10	7 15
East Tyrone	1.8	8 17	3 17	7 22
Vail	3.1	8 20	3 20	7 28
Bald Eagle	5.9	8 25	3 24	7 33
Dix—f	8.9	8 30	3 30	7 39
Fowler—f	9.3	8 32	3 33	7 42
Hannah—f	10.6	8 36	3 37	7 46
Port Matilda	13.9	8 43	3 44	7 55
Martha	17.3	8 51	3 52	8 05
Julian	21.4	8 59	4 01	8 15
Unionville	25.8	9 10	4 16	8 25
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 18	4 18	8 35
Milesburg	30.8	9 22	4 20	8 39
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 32	4 30	8 49
Milesburg	30.8	9 47	4 40	9 01
Curtin	34.4	10 01	4 47	9
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	10 04	4 55	9
Howard	39.8	10 16	5 02	
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 30	5 10	
Beech Creek	45.9	10 38	5 16	9 45
Mill Hall	51.3	10 59	5 24	10 01
Flemington	52.5	10 54	5 27	10 05
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	11 00	5 30	10 10

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward Dis.			Stations	Dis. Eastward		
P.M	A.M				A.M	P.M
5 05	10 31		SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 47
5 25	10 21	5.3	Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 27
5 37	10 28	8.7	Penna. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 44	10 34	10.6	Hostler f	15.0	8 50	4 08
5 50	10 46	12.3	Marengo f	13.0	8 48	4 01
5 57	10 52	13.5	Loveville f	12.1	8 37	3 55
6 04	10 58	15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 49
6 08	11 02	15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 46
6 18	11 10	18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 38
6 28	11 20	20.5	Pennington	5.1	8 10	3 30
6 40	11 32	23.5	Stover	2.1	7 58	3 1
6 50	11 40	25.6	TYRONE		7 50	3 1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24, 1890.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.10 a m.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m; arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.

S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890.

Dis.	Westward				Eastward		
	a.m.	p.m.			a.m.	a.m.	p.m
.0	5.50	2.15		MONTANDON	5.30	9.20	5.45
1.5	6.15	2.25	Ar.	LEWISBURG	Lv 5.20	9.10	5.35
1.5	6.15	2.25	Lv.	LEWISBURG	Ar	9.10	5.35
5.4	6.30	2.35		Biehl f		9.00	5.26
6.8	6.35	2.40		Vicksburg f		8.53	5.20
10.7	6.45	2.50		MIFFLINBURG		8.43	5.10
13.1	6.52	2.57		Barber f		8.36	5.03
15.2	6.58	3.03		Swengle f		8.30	4.58
16.1	7.00	3.05		Milmont		8.27	4.55
18.6	7.08	3.14		LAURELTON		8.17	4.46
23.5	7.19	3.25		Pardee f		8.06	4.35
25.9	7.23	3.38		Cherry Run f		7.53	4.22
32.2	7.43	3.48		Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		7.43	4.12
33.9	7.48	3.54		Ingleby f		7.39	4.07
35.6	7.53	4.00		Coburn		7.30	4.00
39.6	8.01	4.08		Zerby f		7.21	3.52
43.4	8.10	4.17		Rising Springs		7.12	3.43
46.2	8.18	4.25		Penn's Cave f		7.05	3.35
49.2	8.24	4.30		CENTRE HALL		6.58	3.29
51.6	8.32	4.37		Gregg f		6.51	3.23
54.6	8.37	4.43		Linden Hall		6.43	3.16
56.7	8.42	4.48		OAK HALL		6.38	3.11
58.3	8.46	4.52		LEMONT		6.34	
60.2	8.51	4.57		Dale Summit f		6.29	
63.9	9.00	5.06		Pleasant Gap f		6.19	
65.2	9.04	5.10		Axeman f		6.14	2.4
67.4	9.10	5.15		BELLEFONTE		6.10	2.45

CHAS E. PUGH, General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON, General Superintendent
S. B. WESTFALL, Superintendent

BELLEFONTE AND BUFFALO RUN RAILROAD.—On and after Wednesday, August 7, 1889, Trains on the Bellefonte and Buffalo Run Railroad will run as follows, leaving the PENN'A RAILROAD STATION.

EASTWARD.				WESTWARD.		
No.6	No.2	Dis.	STATIONS	Dis.	No.3	No.5
P.M	A.M				A.M	P.M
6 29	5 10	18.	Ar. BELLEFONTE Lv	0.	6 00	3 06
6 13	9 03	17.	Scales	1.	6 07	3 09
6 08	8 59	16	Morris	2.	6 11	3 13
6 03	8 54	15.	Whitmer	4.	6 16	3 19
5 59	8 51		Linn		6 19	3 23
5 57	8 48	12.5	Hunters	5.8	6 22	3 26
5 53	8 44	11.2	Filmore	6.8	9 26	3 30
5 47	8 40	9.5	Brisrly	8.5	6 32	3 36
5 43	8 36	8.	Waddles	10.	6 38	3 43
	8 33		Matterns			3 45
	8 25		Stormstown			3 53
	8 19		Hall Bank			3 59
5 39	8 09	6.9	Scotia Crossing	11.1	6 46	4 09
5 24	7 25	2.	Krumride	16.	7 00	4 45
5 20	7 20	0.	Lv STATE COLLEGE Ar	18.	7 04	5 0

Trains will stop at stations marked "F" when signal is given or notice to Conductor.
Train 2 connects with Trains east and west E V R R and S S Branch.
Train 6 connects with Trains east on B E R and the S S Branch.

THOS. A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—(Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th 1890.

	WESTWARD		
ERIE MAIL leaves Philadelphia daily		...	11 25 p m
" " Harrisburg	"	...	3 30 a m
" " Williamsport	"	...	7 10 a m
" " Jersey Shore	"	...	7 32 a m
" " Lock Haven	"	...	7 47 a m
" " Renovo	"	...	8 50 a m
" arrives Erie	"	...	3 40 p m
NIAGRA EXP. leaves Phil'a week days			8 50 a m
" " Harrisburg	"		12 15 p m
" arrives at Williamsport	"		3 05 p m
" " Lock Haven	"		4 16 p m
" " Renovo	"		5 15 p m
" " Kane	"		9 15 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			5 20 p m
FAST LINE leaves Philada. week days			11 40 a m
" " Harrisburg	"	...	3 45 p m
" " Williamsport	"	...	7 10 p m
" arrives at Lock Haven	"	...	8 02 p m
" " Renovo	"	...	9 00 p m
NEWS EXP. leaves Philadelphia		...	4 30 a m
" " Harrisburg		...	9 a m
" " Williamsport		11	10 a m
" " arrives at Lock Haven		12	10 p m
WMSPORT EXP. leaves Philadelphia		4	25 p m
" " Harrisburg		7	30 p m
" arrive Williamsport		10	25 p m
	EASTWARD		
Jersey Shore EXP. leaves L. Haven		7	20 am
" " Jersey Shore		7	35 a m
" " Williamsport		8	15 a m
" arrives at Harrisburg		11	30 a m
" " Philadelphia		3	15 p m
DAY EXP. leaves Kane week days		7	15 a m
" " Renovo		10	55 a m
" " Lock Haven		11	55 a m
" " Williamsport		12	50 m
" arrives at Harrisburg		4	00 p m
" " Philadelphia		7	50 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves Erie daily			25 p m
" " Renovo		10	35 p m
" " Lock Haven		11	25 p m
" " Williamsport		12	25 a m
" arrives at Harrisburg		3	22 a m
" " Philadelphia		6	50 a m
RENOVO ACM leaves Renovo w. d		4	30 p m
" arrives at Harrisburg		9	45 p m
" " Philadelphia		4	35 a m
WMSPORT EXP. leaves Williamsport		2	42 a m
" " arrives at Harrisburg		8	30 a m
" " leaves "		7	00 a m
" " arrives at Philadelphia		10	20 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.
Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with train on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with B. R. & W. N. N.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R. and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

ROBERT NEILSON, General Agent

M. E. Conference.

Now in Session at Sunbury—Work Done in This District.

The members of the Central Pennsylvania conference assembled in the Methodist church at Sunbury for their twenty-third annual session. Bishop C. H. Fowler, D. D., L. L. D., in the chair.

The hymn beginning "And are we yet alive and see each other's face," was sung heartily and the bishop led the conference in fervent prayer.

The spectacle of nearly three hundred preachers with bowed heads waiting for the answer of prayer in their behalf and for a blessing on the work of the conference and the church was sublime.

A scripture lesson from Matthew, v., was read, after which the secretary of the last conference called the roll.

On motion of B. B. Hamlin, D. S. Monroe was elected unanimously by acclamation secretary of the conference, and was also given the privilege of nominating his assistants, and on his nomination, W. W. Evans, T. S. Wilcox and W. A. Carver were elected assistant secretaries.

After the appointment of all the standing committees Rev. B. B. Hamlin, D. D., of the Altoona District, read his report, from which we extract parts interesting to our readers.

Ten new churches have been dedicated; one in connection with the Bellefonte charge, a neat edifice, costing $1,000. In the dedication of this church, the pastor, the Rev W. A. Houck, was assisted by Rev. G. D. Penepacker.

In addition costing $800 has also been made to the church at State College, Rev. A. L. Miller, pastor.

Four hundred dollars have been expended in repairing the church at Milesburg, Rev. G. W. Bouse, pastor. Two hundred and seventy-five dollars have been expended on church improvements at Half Moon circuit, Rev. A. P. Wharton, pastor.

About $5,000 in all have been expended by the district in church improvements.

The parsonage at Port Matilda, Rev. J. C. Young, pastor, has been repainted and in other ways much improved. Of the $565 of church indebtedness on the Pine Grove circuit, only $110 now remain.

The following pastors who were present reported their missionary collections as follows:

Altoonas, Eight Avenue, Henry B Bender, $1,217; Altoona, Fifth Avenue, Richard H. Colburn. $251; Altoona, First Church, David S. Monroe, $700; Altoona, Simpson Church, Reuben E. Wilson, $91; Altoona, Circuit, Luther F. Smith, $51; Bellefonte, William A. Houck, $490; Bellwood, James B. Stein, $220; Birmingham, William Brill; $181; Clearfield, George D. Penepacker, $583; Curwensville, G. Tarring, Gray $750; Duncansville, Henry N. Minnigh $70; Half Moon, Andrew T. Wharton, $271; Hollidaysburg, Emory T Swartz, $170 Houtzdale, William F D. Noble, $152; Howard, George E. King, $60; Lumber City, Charles A. Biddle, $102; Milesburg and Unionville, George W. Bouse, $60; New Washington, Nathan R. Smith, $44; Osceola, Marshall C. Piper, $180; Penn's Valley, Owen Hicks, $116; Philipsburg, James H. McGarrah, $817; Ramey, Freeman S. Vough, $85; Tyrone, George Leidy, $556; Wallaceton, Emanuel W. Wonner $45; Warriorsmark, J. Wesley Ely, $102; West Clearfield, Edwin H. Witman, $79; Williamsburg, Elisha Shoemaker, $116.

Rev J, B Mann offered the following paper, which was referred to the committee on temperance:

Resolved, That we view with deep humiliation and grave alarm the shameful debasement of our government to the condition of an agent of the brewers of the United States of America for the increase of their dreadful traffic, and that, as ministers of the Methodist Episcopal church. we will exert all our influence to lift this dark reproach from our beloved country.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Where Do They Learn It?

A letter recently published, addressed to our Honorable Mayor Reeder, respectfully invited his attention to the alarming prevalence of profanity on the streets of our beautiful town. The appeal for official action to dissipate this evil found a grateful and hearty response from the appreciative citizens, who have been greatly annoyed and have deeply deplored the baleful influence of the daily indulgence of profane language on our streets and near places of business.

Many ladies have frequently been painfully annoyed by the disgusting and gross profanity they are obliged to hear when walking on the streets. But the saddest feature of all is the fact that the children, going to and from school, become many times only too familiar with vile and profane language. We are deeply grieved and shocked to hear them at times repeat what they thus hear, thinking it manly to imitate even the vices of grown persons. Startled to hear young lips thus sullied, we sometimes hear the foquiry which heads this article, issue from the lips of wondering parents and friends.

A little thoughtful consideration will convince us that too much of it is heard upon the thoroughfares of our town. Many of these dear children come from homes where a prayerful mother earnestly tries to discharge her duty faithfully. Many others, with souls just as precious, do not have the same care and training. Their very helplessness appeals for protection from the pernicious influences of harmful examples.

Anything to afford security to the young and free all order loving citizens from the annoyance of constantly hearing, not only the most flagrant violation of the laws of our land, but also the breaking of the law of the Almighty God, "Who hath made and preserved us a nation;" He who hath declared that "He will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain." Any efforts to bring about a different condition, on our streets, will be gladly hailed as an improvement, which we all may hope will be productive of good, and lasting results. HOPEFUL'

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRAUX, Wholesale Druggists, oledo, O. WALDING KINNAN & MARVIN, wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Very Young Yet.

It is surprising what a large number of Bellefonte's young men have lately conceived the idea of raising moustaches. Of course, it must not be supposed that they have yet succeeded in raising them very far, but they have commenced the job. Just now there comes to mind the names of Commissioner's clerk Robt. Hunter, Fred Jackson, J. Malcolm Laurie, John Bayard, Will Garman, and there are a couple score more of them but just now we can't think who they all are. We desire to ask the young ladies of the town to encourage them—both the young men and the moustaches—and they'll grow, we never yet have seen a real live one that didn't.

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver be inactive you have a bilious look, if your stomach be disordered you have a dyspeptic look and if your kidneys be affected you have a pinched look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and tonic and acts directly on these vital organs. Cures pimples, blotches, boils, and gives a good complexion. Sold at C. M. Parrish's drug store, 50c. per bottle.

The Hearst Funeral Train.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 12.—The funeral train bearing the remains of the late United States Senator Geo. Hearst arrived here to-day.

Death of Major John Zentmyer.

After a brief illness, Major John Zentmyer died on Wednesday evening at his home in Hartzlog Valley, Potter township, Huntingdon county. While the deceased had not resided in Blair county for some years past, yet he was well known throughout the county and especially among the older citizens. Born near Williamsport, Md., March 24, 1808, he came to what is now Blair, but what was then Huntingdon county, in the year 1832, settling at Springfield Furnace. There in the same year he was married to Margaret Gates, who preceded him to the tomb some three years, after a long and happy married life. Major Zentmyer's death was sudden, for he had been always very strong in health. Some ten days ago, however, he contracted a heavy cold, which resulted in typhoid pneumonia, and this disease was the cause of his demise. He removed from this county to Hartzlog Valley in 1866.

To Mr. and Mrs. Zentmyer nine children were born. The living children are: Isabella, wife of David Kinch, of Altoona; Priscilla, wife of E. C. Kinch, of Sinking Valley; Maggie, wife of D. C. Stine, of Bellefonte; Miles Zentmyer, Esq., an attorney of Schuyler, Neb.; Porter B., superintendent of the Clearfield Creek Coal company, Madera, Pa., and John and Benjamin, residing on the old homestead. In politics Major Zentmyer was a staunch democrat and during the war was a candidate on that ticket in Huntingdon county for the legislature. He was not successful, however. In religion he was a Reformed and was a member of the church at Alexandria. Funeral will take place at noon to-day and the interment will be in the family burying ground on the farm.

Spreading for Leagues Around

The marshy, overflowed lands, sunken lots and half submerged river banks, which gives them birth, the seeds of malaria impregnate the air, and are inhaled at every breath by thousands unprovided with an adequate safeguard against the baneful influence. Yet such exist—potent alike to remedy or to prevent, pure in its constituents, and the professionally recognized substitute for the hateful drug, quinine. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a family specific and safeguard, foremost not only as an antidote to malaria, but also as a means of permanently removing dyspepsia, and relieving constipation, liver complaint, rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments, and nervousness. Among invigorants it takes the first place, and is also a superb appetizer. Use it systematically.

Poor Leonard.

Leonard Rhone, master of the State Grange, who worked hard for Pattison's election, and was an applicant for appointment under the administration, finds himself pretty badly treated. Not only did he get nothing after having good reason to suppose he would be favored, but he has been headed off by a rival Grange influence due to Senator Brown, York. It was through Brown's influence that Tilden, of Erie, was made Deputy Secretary of the commonwealth as a representative of the farmers.—*Press.*

You are in a Bad Fix.

But we will cure you if you pay us. Men who are Weak Nervous and Debilitated, suffering from nervous debility, Seminal Weakness, and all the effects of early Evil Habits, or later indiscretions, which lead to Premature Decay, Consumption or Insanity, should send for and read the "Book of Life," giving particulars of Home Cure. Sent (sealed) free, by addressing Dr. Parker's Medical and Surgical Institute, 151 North Spruce St., Nashville, Tenn. They guarantee a cure or no pay,—The *Sunday Morning* s10-1y-d&w.

Killed Thirteen Ducks.

BENGIES, *Md.*, March 12.—President Harrison killed thirteen ducks to-day—twelve red heads and one canvas back.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

—When it rains in Renovo they are so aesthetic they say "nature is gloomy."

WHAT IS SAPOLIO?

It is a solid handsome cake of scouring soap which has no equal for all cleaning purposes except in the laundry. To use it is to value it...

What will SAPOLIO do? Why it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use SAPOLIO. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. THERE IS BUT ONE SAPOLIO.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., NEW YORK.

WHY!

WHEREFORE. The virtues or merits of a remedy for pain do not consist in its being as good for relief as other remedies, but in the fact that it is better, in being more prompt and sure, and therefore the best for the specific purpose. It is not an idle catchline that strikes the eye thus:

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN, IS THE BEST.

It is the best cure for all aches and pains, and it holds

THE TRUE PROOF.

To this specific fact **Archbishops, Bishops, Clergymen, Lawyers, Doctors, Governors, Generals, Senators, Members of Congress and Legislatures, U. S. Consuls, Army and Navy Officers, Mayors and Officials,** testify and unite in saying: "We suffered pain;

OTHER REMEDIES FAILED,

and St. Jacobs Oil cured promptly and permanently." For the same reason

THE POOR MAN

finds what he seeks and needs, is not deceived and will have it at any price.

ONE POUND PEOPLES HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS TRADE MARK. CONTAINS NO POISON

—FOR—

Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.

Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blotches, and all difficulties arising from impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Heaves at once. *Manufactured by the* IOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y. FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

What the Druggists say of Heiskell's Ointment:

"When we are asked to recommend a preparation for skin disease, we hand out HEISKELL'S OINTMENT, with every confidence of its successful treatment of the disease." J. C. RENICK, 5 Main St., Butler, Pa.

"I have been selling HEISKELL'S OINTMENT for eleven years. It gives universal satisfaction. It will cure TETTER." G. W. HACKENBURGER, Bainbridge, Pa.

"We have evidence of the curative properties of HEISKELL'S OINTMENT here. It is a good, reliable ointment." FLEMING & ESLER, Tarentum, Pa.

"In all skin diseases I invariably recommend HEISKELL'S OINTMENT." J. J. KEIL, Sharpsburg, Pa.

"HEISKELL'S OINTMENT cures when all else fails." MCCLELLAN & REED, Freeport, Pa.

"HEISKELL'S OINTMENT sells on its own merit." H. B. HILTON, Kittanning, Pa.

I GIVE AWAY

To every reader of this paper who suffers from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Nervous Debility or Consumption, a free bottle of that most wonderful medicine, **Floraplexion,** which is the only absolute and permanent cure for the above named diseases. I can afford to do this because I know that nine out of every ten persons who try it will be so well satisfied with the results they will take pleasure in speaking about its marvelous curative virtues to all their friends and acquaintances. The value of this sort of advertising to me is worth many times the cost of the medicine given away, so I am well compensated for the seeming large expense.

I have over 70,000 letters on file from people who have been cured of one or more of the complaints above named. Write to-day stating your disease and receive a free bottle by return mail, or ask your druggist for it and get well. Address,

PROF. HART, 88 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

Tutt's Pills

stimulates the torpid liver, strengthens the digestive organs, regulates the bowels, and are unequaled as an

ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE.

In malarial districts their virtues are widely recognized, as they possess peculiar properties in freeing the system from that poison. Elegantly sugar coated. Dose small. Price, 25cts.

Sold Everywhere.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

DR. THEEL

538 North Fourth St., below Green PHILADELPHIA.

Regular registered Physician and Surgeon, Graduate of the best Colleges. The acknowledged most successful specialist for speedy, safely and permanently curing.

SPECIAL DISEASES,

of both sexes, by an entirely new discovery. BLOOD POISON discharges etc., obstinate hard or soft ulcers, skin eruptions, blotches, pimples, swellings, inflammations, Bladder, Kidney, Heart, Lung, Liver, stomach, mouth, throat, nose, early decay, debility, loss of mental and physical strength, melancholy, pains from excesses or youthful errors, Cure is positive and lasting relief at once. Fresh cases cured in 4 to 10 days, no experiment but skill and science. Do not be humbugged by deceiving advertisements but call or write and be saved. $15,000 will be paid to any advertising Doctor or Quacks who can show as many hopeless cases cured as I can. Send 2 cents stamp for book "TRUTH" and sworn testimonials exposing quacks and advice to all sufferers and those contemplating marriage. OFFICE HOURS—Every Day from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m., Evenings 6—9, Wednesday & Saturday Evenings from 6—10, Sundays from 9—12. Strictly confidential. Don Renovo cases see Wed and Sat, Philadelphia Times.

BEFORE YOU BUY A STEAM ENGINE OR BOILER

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE AND PRICES

ATLAS ENGINE WORKS, INDIANAPOLIS, IND

Dr. Grosvenor's Bell-cap-sic PLASTER.

Gives quick relief from pain.

Rheumatism, neuralgia, pleurisy and lumbago cured as if by magic. Genuine for sale by all Druggists.

Improvements on the Wing.

We notice that Richard Morgan has added one more to his already long row of houses on the lots corner of Bishop and Ridge streets.

John Anderson, on the opposite corner, has been making great improvements on the Turner property, remodeling the dwelling and trimming up the lot generally.

Charles Smith has been making things look bright and cozy about his home, building a front porch and putting a new coat of paint on all.

Nicholas Bauer has partially torn down the old front porch and, with an extension, has made all look new.

Gotlieb Haag's property grows newer and brighter every day, license or no license. The march of improvement is onward. We can all remember the old Cummings House, looking as though it had no owner—see it now. The house in perfect order, and a large house it is, we had no idea there was so much room in it; all the rooms nicely papered and painted—the parlor and sitting-room very handsomely; bed rooms innumerable and all supplied with good furniture and nice, comfortable bedding, and everything else about the house in proper order. In the rear of the house is a fine new barn, with stabling for thirty horses, surrounded by a large yard with sheds. In fact everything is done to make comfortable both man and beast.

In addition to the above Mr Haag has erected two double frame houses on Penn street. Gotlieb is an industrious man and always ready to accommodate all who may give him a call, and the farmers are unanimous for him on the "license question."

Life of General Sherman.

No literary announcement of the year is of greater interest to the general public than that of a comprehensive Life of General Sherman which is about to be published and sold through agents by the noted house of Hubbard Brothers, of Philadelphia. Admirable biographies of Grant and Sheridan, complete to the time of their death, are already familiar to the public, but a life of the third great commander, to finish the series, has been lacking.

The various biographies of Sherman hitherto published have necessarily been incomplete; and even his own memoirs, written in 1875, said almost nothing of his intensely interesting early life, and not a word, of course, of the more than twenty years of social activity and fraternity with old comrades since the war.

The work which is now to be issued will splendidly supply the widely felt demand for a history of the great strategic commander. It is being written by Willis Fletcher Johnson, whose ability as a historian is familiar to the reading public of America through his former unusual popular works, which have had millions of readers, and the sales of their vast editions enriched an army of book agents; he is aided by Maj. Gen. O. O. Howard, a man of fine literary attainments, who knew Sherman better than any other of his comrades now living, and ranked next but one to him in the army. That this history of Sherman, the last of the great Generals, will surpass all others in popularity is not to be doubted. It will doubtless be the best life of the great chieftain published, and we predict for it wonderful popularity.

—John F. Braden, who was tried for murder before Judge Furst in Ebensburg this week, after the evidence was all in and the pleading done changed his plea from "not guilty" to "guilty." Judge Furst said that under the evidence the degree of crime could only be murder in the second degree and sentenced the prisoner to five years and six months in the penitentiary. The jury in the Hoofnagle homicide case, also tried before Judge Furst, returned a verdict of "not guilty."

Look here, Friend, are You Sick?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite Biliousness, Exhaustion or tired feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dr Cough, Night-sweats, Nervous Debility or any form of Consumption? If so send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren St., New York, who will send you free, by mail a bottle of medicine which is a sure cure. Send to-day. d&w-tf

—It will now soon be time for the peach crop liar to get in his work.

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Best and Purest Medicine EVER MADE.

It will drive the Humor from your system, and make your skin clean and smooth. Those Pimples and Blotches which mar your beauty are caused by impure blood, and can be removed in a short time, if you are wise and use the great blood purifier,

SULPHUR BITTERS.

Why suffer with Dull Terrible Headache? Why lay and toss on that bed of pain, with Rheumatism? What makes you tremble so? Your nerves are all unstrung, and need a gentle soothing tonic to assist nature to repair the damage which your excesses have caused. Sulphur Bitters is not a cheap Rum or poor Whiskey drink, to be taken by the glass, like other preparations which stimulate only TO DESTROY. If you have failed to receive any benefit from other medicines or doctors, do not despair. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will cure you where all others fail. No person can remain long sick who uses

SULPHUR Bitters

The Dose is small—only a teaspoonful. It is the best and cheapest medicine. Try it, and you will be satisfied.

Get it of your Druggist.

DON'T WAIT. GET IT AT ONCE

If you are suffering from Kidney Disease, and wish to live to old age, use SULPHUR BITTERS They never fail to cure.

Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published?

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

VINEGAR BITTERS

VEGETABLE — FREE FROM ALCOHOL — PURELY — DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA — VINEGAR BITTERS

GRANDEST - MODERN - DISCOVERY

Triumph of Pharmacy

The only true practical

ELIXIR OF LIFE AND HEALTH.

is one that promotes digestion, improves the appetite, cleanses the liver, purifies the blood, and stimulates brain and nerves without *injurious reaction*, and one that may be taken alike by adult or infant. Profane compounds, made of vile rum or bad whiskey, sweetened and flavored, under the titles of bitters, tonics, &c, produce effects far worse than the disease for which they are taken.

Vinegar Bitters is a pure tonic, a nervine without being narcotic, a purifier without poison, a liver tonic without purging, and above all, a life-giving stimulant without alcohol. The only medicine with such powers *in the world.*

A GENUINE TEMPERANCE BEVERAGE,

far surpassing alcohol in any shape as a tonic it might be called

LIQUID LIFE,

since it stimulates, invigorates and regulates digestion, nutrition, secretion, excretion, respiration, and all the functions whereby life is maintained—we literally take in *vitality in spoonfuls.*

It is too much to assert that *the equal of Vinegar Bitters does not exist,* and no counterpart or compound with similar virtues has ever been known

CALIFORNIA,

remarkable for nothing else, would be immortalized by the production of the medicinal fruits, roots and herbs of which this Bitters is composed. Many of them used by the Indians and the medical profession in the treatment of chills and fevers, rheumatism, catarrh, consumption, neuralgia, headaches, liver complaint, kidney disease, jaundice, gout, piles, boils, skin diseases, &c., &c., too numerous to mention, but easily understood when the action of the Bitters on the vital functions is remembered. The discovery was partly accidental but the present

PERFECT BITTERS IS THE RESULT OF SCIENCE.

Millions of sufferers have gratefully and gladly endorsed, during the past quarter of a century the wonderful success of this

PHENOMENAL TONIC OF THE WORLD.

In order to meet every probable demand, two formulas of the same ingredients are now put up.

THE OLD STYLE IS STRONGER, SLIGHTLY BITTER, AND MORE CATHARTIC.

THE NEW STYLE, PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, AND EXPRESSLY ADAPTED TO DELICATE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

REMEMBER,

There is *no disease* of low vitality, debility of functions, or nervous prostration for which,

VINEGAR BITTERS IS NOT CURATIVE,

and its singular power over the lower organisms renders it the implacable foe of,

THE DEADLY MICROBE AND OMNIPRESENT BACTERIA

in malarial diseases, cholera, consumption, internal diseases, &c., and so great is its power as a germicide that it is an

UNEQUALLED VERMIFUGE.

A book could be written of its virtues, and another of testimonials, but it is only necessary to remember its general action upon the liver, blood, brain and nerves, to realize its use in a majority of the ills that flesh is heir to and that no family should ever be without a bottle of

OLD AND NEW STYLE VINEGAR BITTER IN THE HOUSE.

Send for our Ladies book. Address

Address R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO; 2 Washington St. New York

I CURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 PEARL ST., NEW YORK

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PALMER'S COLLEGE,

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POSITION SURE. Good Compensation. LESSONS BY MAIL OR AT COLLEGE. REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER.

ellefonte Republican.

BELLEFONTE, CENTRE CO., PA.,

A Weekly Political and Family Journal

I CULATION THROUGHOUT CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

GULAR ADVERTISING RATES. Twetny cents a ne for each insertion.

nual and Six Months' Contract at Special Rates

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

ONE YEAR..... $1.50
SIX MONTHS..... 75
THREE MONTHS..... 40

If paid Strictly in advance the REPUBLICAN and Philadelphi Weekly Press One Year $1.50

OUR MAN ABOUT TOWN

BOBS UP SERENELY WITH A GOOD GRIST OF NEWS.

Your "man about town" has been out in the country and found just lots of—mud. Pedestrians in Bellefonte sometimes complain about muddy streets, why they know nothing about mud. In the country, from fence to fence on every highway the mud is anywhere from ten inches to two feet deep. It is no use at all to try to wade through it without gum boots in and then some places you have got to swim or drown.

But aside from the mud question, I think the farmers will have good reason to rejoice this year over good crops, if they turn out as their present appearance indicates The grain has not looked better for years than it does now. The snow and frosts of winter were a good protection and if now favored with little or no more freezing weather, there will certainly be no famine in Centre county this year. It also gives promise of being a very good year for fruit. Growers throughout the county say the fruit trees are in an excellent condition and the outlook is very good. With good grain and fruit crops the farmers will certainly have cause to be happy. The frost is already about all out of the earth and, whenever the weather settles, it will be but a few days until spring plowing, sowing and gardening can be done and then the farmer will again be in his element.

The country trade is a large thing for Bellefonte and Bellefonte merchants. On Saturday I counted the farmers' wagons hitched in front of just one business block in Bellefonte and there were twenty-two. This did not represent probably one-tenth of the representation of farmers and country residents who visit Bellefonte once a week, bringing in produce and purchasing goods of all kinds. Verily Bellefonte is dependent, to a large extent, for its resource and trade on the country resident.

Since the recent burglarious depredations in this place the sale of 32-calibre revolvers has been almost phenominal. By this time it will be difficult to find a house in Bellefonte the doors of which are not doubly barred and bolted every night, the windows extra securely fastened and the male resident of which does not sleep with his trusty "Bulldog" under his pillow. In the future the man who breaks in another's house, attempts to go up stairs and meets the man of the house half way, will not get off with the promise of an air hole but will be lucky if he gets off at all. Bellefonte has no use for burglars and we would advise all such, if they reside here, to move to Tyrone or Lock Haven as either place offers a better field for such labor. They never pretend to catch a man who burglarizes in either of the above named towns.

And the Disciple church fight still waxes hot. They failed to convict the preacher of disturbing a religious meeting now they are endeavoring to secure the right to the property. Just how it will all end is hard to conjecture but certain it is that by the time the affair is settled both sides will be hundreds of dollars poorer and the lawyers that much better off than when they commenced to quarrel.

Justice should be the basis of all law. The common law is supposed to be founded on the law of God—and the latter is the very essence of justice. But according to the way the law is sometimes administered in our courts it almost leads one to believe that our common law is nothing but a travesty on justice. In the case of the young men, who are now in jail awaiting a trial before a jury on the charge of train wrecking and murder, and who on Monday were given a public hearing. I think, as everybody else thinks, that if these young men are the guilty parties they should then be made to suffer the full penalty of their crime. But I must say that all the evidence produced on Monday was *not* sufficient, in my mind and in the public opinion, to hold a gnat for trial.

A half dozen or more people got on the witness stand and swore to a lot of hearsay stuff that would not be admitted, let alone given any weight as evidence, in a first class debating society. The only witness that gave in any positive evidence was Miss Clark and it was not difficult to see that she was trying to carry favor with both parties. It was, indeed, a very frail case on which to commit two young men for trial without even admitting them to bail in any amount.

Of course, I do not know what evidence the commonwealth may have in reserve, neither do I know on what grounds or evidence the court committed the young men, but I do know that from an impartial standpoint of those who care not a featherweight which way it goes, the evidence produced in the habeas corpus on Monday was of a very imaginative and vapory character and a poor foundation on which to keep a man in jail for six weeks or more. Justice where justice is due, but don't allow our courts to become a one-sided arbiter in the administration of justice.

MAN ABOUT TOWN.

They Eloped.

Word comes from Osceola that a young couple of that place, the young lady being the daughter of one of the leading M. Ds., having become very much enamored of one another and not being able to gain the consent of their parents to a happy union of their two young hearts, took it into their heads to elope. And so one dark night they eloped and managed to get over onto the Philadelphia and Reading railroad and were, all unconciously, speeding eastward when a light touch on the shoulders of both caused them to look up straight into the eyes of an officer who kindly yet firmly informed them that the picnic was over and it was time to go home. It is not necessary to say more, as they both went according to the officer's bidding.

Distinguished Visitors.

On Monday morning there arrived in Bellefonte to visit Mr. William Lyon and wife, James Scarlet, Esq., and wife, of Danville, Pa., and Edward and Frank Greenslade, of England, the latter two being brothers of Mrs. Lyon. Mr. Scarlet, who is a brother in-law, is one of the brightest lawyers in Danville. Mr. Edward Greenslade has served under the British government in various foreign countries chief among which was twelve years spent in India. Mr. Frank Greenslade is connected with the Cadiff branch of the Bank of England. These gentlemen arrived in New York last Saturday. Frank will return in a couple weeks but Edward may remain indefinitely. While the gentlemen are here they will be shown all there is to see by that whole-souled brother in-law of theirs, Mr. Lyon.

Quickly Made One

On Monday afternoon Mr. Harry Woomer, a railroader of Tyrone, and Miss Annie Dickson, of Osceola, arrived in Bellefonte on the 4.30 train, went to the Register's office and got a marriage license and then stepped over into Squire Foster's office and had the marriage ceremony performed. The groom said it was their intention to go back to Tyrone on the next train as he was obliged to go on the road this evening. This was certainly doing the business up with a vengeance.

Spreading for Leagues Around.

The marshy, overflowed lands, sunken lots and half submerged river banks, which gives them birth, the seeds of malaria impregnate the air, and are inhaled at every breath by thousands unprovided with an adequate safeguard against the baneful influence. Yet such exist—potent alike to remedy or to prevent, pure in its constituents, and the professionally recognized substitute for the hateful drug, quinine. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a family specific and safeguard, foremost not only as an antidote to malaria, but also as a means of permanently removing dyspepsia, and relieving constipation, liver complaint, rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments, and nervousness. Among invigorants it takes the first place, and is also a superb appetizer. Use it systematically.

Personal Pencilings.

Mrs. D. H. Hastings is visiting friends out of town.

Judge Furst is holding argument court in Huntingdon to-day.

Mr. Samuel Ellenberger, of Halfmoon, was in Bellefonte on Wednesday.

Mr. Guyer Mattern was circulating among his friends in Bellefonte on Monday.

Miss Jenkins, of Mifflin, is visiting at the residence of Dr. E. S. Dorworth.

Miss Nannie Orvis is at home once more after a long visit with friends at a distance.

Mr. John A. Daley, of Washington, D. C., arrived in Bellefonte from Howard this morning.

Mr. Harry Hannon and Mr. Ed. Bechdell, of Howard, were among friends in Milesburg, Sunday.

Mrs. Beck and daughter, of Danville, are visiting at the residence of John W. Cooke, on Allegheny street.

Miss Lyon, who has been so ill at Miss Magill's boarding house, is, we are glad to say, recovering very rapidly.

Mr. George W. Lyon, of Philadelphia, was in Bellefonte on Wednesday, the guest of his brother Mr. S. S. Lyon.

Mrs. Robb, of Westport, Pa., and two other ladies are visiting at the home of our eminent townsman, Mr. William Shortlidge.

The Misses Sanderson, of Mill Hall are visiting at the home of their sister in this place, Mrs. George L. Potter, on Linn street.

Mr. Harry McEntire, bookkeeper for James Mansel & Co., lumber dealers of Williamsport, is spending a week at his home in Fillmore.

Mr. W. H. Wilkinson will depart on Monday for New York where he goes to select a complete stock of fine chinaware for his store in this place.

Mr. W. I. Fleming, wife and child, returned on the 5:20 train on Friday evening from Williamsport where they spent a few days visiting friends.

Miss Maize R. Graham, one of the leading milliners in Bellefonte, and Mr. W. H. Wilkinson, the chinaman, both departed for New York this morning.

Messrs. John Wilson and Geo. W. Fisher, two of halfmoon township's representative citizens, were in Bellefonte a short while this morning.

Mrs. John H. Stover, who was so unfortunate as to fall and break one of her limbs last Tuesday, is resting comfortably and is now in a fair way for a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Butts and family will move into the house on the corner of Allegheny and Lamb streets, owned by Major Reynolds and last occupied by Mr. James Lane and family.

Mr. A. S. Grow, at one time local editor of the *Bellefonte Republican*, now one of Lock Haven's prominent business men, was in Bellefonte on Friday and gave this office a short call.

Ex-county chairman L. L. Brown arrived in Bellefonte on Monday afternoon on the 4.30 train. He was met at the depot by his wife who has been visiting in Bellefonte for several days.

Mr. Henry Fishell, of Lemont, was in Bellefonte today and while here gave this office a pleasant call. Mr. Fishell is one of the few gentlemen who believe in paying the printer promptly.

On Friday afternoon this office was favored with a pleasant call from Mr. William Resides, of Julian Furnace. Mr. Resides is an old soldier and one who saw lots of service, as an empty sleeve will readily testify.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Montgomery returned from Philadelphia on Friday evening. Mrs. Montgomery has been absent during the greater part of the winter and her return will give much pleasure to her large circle of acquaintances.

George L. Jackson, resident engineer for the Sterling Coal Company, is at his home in Bellefonte with a severe attack of malarial fever. His many friends in Hastings hope he will soon be around again.—Hastings *Tribune*.

Rev. W. A. Houck, of the M. E. church, returned on Tuesday evening from attendance on the annual conference an Sunbary.

Ex-Commissioner John Wolf was in town all night last night. Mr. Wolf has been sick for six months past but is now considerably better though he still looks somewhat thin. He says this is only the third time he has been to the county capital since his term as county commissioner expired some three years ago, but everything still looks natural.

Professor Lowell Meyer, of Centre Hall, Centre county, Pa., was a guest at the Eagle Hotel on Wednesday. Professor Meyer is quite popular in the musical world, being a composer and writer of considerable note, and his fame as a singer has spread far and wide. He is a brother of Harry S. Meyer, insurance agent, this city. —Williamsport *Gazette and Bulletin*.

Miss Maize Graham will depart on Monday for New York, where she will study the styles in millinery at the most fashionable establishments in the city, until the first of April, when she will select her spring stock of goods and return to Bellefonte. Those who know of Miss Graham's unquestionable taste in the millinery line can expect an artistic display when her spring stock is placed on her counters and exhibited to the public gaze.

—Dr. Thomas C. VanTries has staked off the foundation for a new house which he intends erecting on his lot alongside his residence on Spring street. It will be a handsome frame building of modern style, of good size and will have all the modern improvements, steam heat, electric light, hot and cold water, etc. The Doctor is building it specially for Mrs. Rogers who lately vacated the brick house owned by Mr. Potter farther west on the same street.

Mr. Ed. Shannon, of Shingletown, was in town Wednesday. Ed. says he quit working and retired to private life where he will remain until the right time then he is going to come out as a candidate for the nomination for sheriff on the democratic ticket. It is a long time ahead but then there is nothing like being on time in all things and Mr. S. will certainly get there if announcing himself in time has anything to do with it. But he failed to take into consideration the fact that the next sheriff is going to be a republican.

Mr. Levi Krebs and his son, Cyrus, were in Bellefonte on Tuesday. The latter has just lately been admitted to practice law at the Clearfield bar and is now paying a farewell visit to his relatives and friends in Centre county, it being his intention to depart in the near future for Salt Lake City, Utah, where he will establish himself in the practice of his chosen profession. Cyrus is a handsome, smart and intelligent young man and it would not be at all surprising to hear of him in the future as one of the most prominent men in that far Western State.

A Family Duty.

The home circle is sacred and life has few charms indeed if family ties are burst asunder. The promotion of happiness and the prevention of sickness are of prime importance in every household. It is in the spring that old and young alike are most susceptible to the hundreds of diseases that fill the atmosphere we breath and lurk in the water we drink. The timely use of a reliable stimulant is the only sure way to guard against sickness in the home. Max Klein's "Silver Age" and "Duquesne" brands of pure rye whiskey are recommended by physicians as the best invigorator in the world. Both are sold under a sworn guarantee of purity. "Silver Age" at $1.50 per full quart bottle, and "Duquesne" at $1.25. These whiskies are used exclusively in the leading hospitals, which is sufficient evidence that they are the best obtainable.

Mr. Guckenheimer, Finch, Gibson and Overholt are sold by Mr. Klein at $1 per quart, or six quarts for $5. His stock of wines, brandies, etc., is the largest in Pennsylvania. Goods promptly shipped to all parts of the United States. Send for catalogue and price list, mentioning this paper. Max Klein, 82 Federal street, Allegheny, Pa.

Letter List.

BELLFFONTE Pa., Mar. 17, 1891.

Buoles, Mr.; Hutchinson, Laura; Waight, W.; Hearding, Charles; Healy, Mame; Meyers, William; Reese, L. N.; Steinkircher, M.; Smith, John R.; Witherite. M.

When called for please say advertised. J. A. FIEDLER. P. M.

—Tuesday was a bad day for a sale and yet they say things offered for sale by Sheriff Ishler brought a good price.

"Don't put on so much coal as to put out the fire," and don't try everything for catarrh or influenza, but buy and try Old Saul's Catarrh Cure, the quickest and safest remedy known.

The best is the cheapest. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is acknowledged to be the safest and most reliable medicine for babies. Price 25 cents.

Council's Doings.

A Full Attendance and a Busy Session of the Borough Fathers.

Council met on Monday evening with every member in their places. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

There were no verbal or written communications.

Street committee had no report to make.

Water committee reported progress on the proposition of the Edison electric company. None of the other various committees had reports to make.

Mr. W. E. Gray appeared in behalf of Wm. Koch and Allen Johnson, two gentlemen who brought two car loads of horses to Bellefonte and sold them at public sale on last Saturday. While the sale was in progress the chief of police went to the two men and demanded the payment of a $20 fine. The fine was paid and it was believed to have been illegally collected and the purpose of the appearance of the two men with their counsel, Mr. Gray, was to ask for the remission of that fine.

President Potter preferred a request of many people that the lights be kept burning all night. A proposition from the Edison Electric Illuminating company as to the extra expense it would incur is as follows: That they would run the arc light all night for an additional $2.75 per light per month, and 50 cents extra per month for each incandescent light.

An ordinance was presented to council for the exemption of all volunteer firemen of borough tax to the extent of $2.50.

In the case of the license collected from Koch & Johnson council voted that the Chief Burgess be requested to return the fine as it was believed to have been illegally collected.

President Potter reported a new stable having been built on borough property between Dr. Hale's building and the foundry, on the street known as Dunlap street. The street committee were authorized to see that the stable was removed.

In the question of keeping the lights burning all night a motion was made to lay same on the table.

The application for an ordinance to exempt firemen of tax was referred to the Fire and Police committee for investigation and report.

The water committee handed in the following bids for to supply the water works with coal for the ensuing year. Hoover & Miller agreed to furnish Snow Shoe coal, as mined by the Lehigh Valley Coal company at $1.60 per net ton. Bellefonte Fuel & Supply company agreed to furnish a good, clean bituminous coal, subject to the approval of the water committee, for $1.60 per net ton. Kelley Bros. agreed to furnish coal at $1.65 per net ton, all coal to be delivered at the water works. On a vote being taken the result was found to be as follows:

Bellefonte Fuel & Supply Co.	6
Hoover & Miller,	2
Kelley Bros.,	1

The Bellefonte Fuel & Supply Co. having the largest number of votes was awarded the contract.

Council voted that all existing contracts for furnishing water for mechanical purposes be annulled on and after the first day of April. After that date special bargains will be made with all those who have motors or who in any way use the water for mechanical purposes; and said contract will be made so that all such persons will pay for the water they use at about the same rate private families are assessed water tax. This will greatly increase the revenue from that source and may be the means of lowering the general water tax.

The water committee was instructed to inquire into the prices of pumps with a view to purchasing a new one and report result at next meeting.

The bad condition of the bridges on High street, across Spring creek and the race, was reported and referred to Street committee with instructions to see that same received prompt attention; also to instruct the police to enforce the ordinance prohibiting fast driving over bridges

A small number of bills were read and approved after which council adjourned.

STANLEY'S BODY SERVANT.

Saleh, a Young Zanzibarее, Much Dislikes America.

One of the most interesting characters attached to the suite of Explorer Henry M. Stanley is the lad Saleh Bin Osman. Short in stature, he has bright intelligent eyes, which sparkle as he talks, and a low and musical voice. Although only 21 years of age, he is well read in Arabic lore, and has had an opportunity to visit many of the principal cities of Europe. Saleh, as he likes to be called, is devoted to his master, and speaks of him with evident respect and love. He says that Stanley is the friend of Africa and the father of its children. Recently a reporter had a chat with Saleh.

"How do you like America?" he was asked.

"America; I don't like it at all; it is so different from England. The people here seem to think too much of themselves and too little of others; every American I meet wants me to talk only so much"—here Saleh held his hands about an inch apart—"and they want to talk so much," stretching his arms out at full length.

"As soon as I landed here I felt like going back to Zanzibar. All Americans seem to think that because a man is black he is entitled to no consideration. I know that negroes have been slaves in the United States, but we Zanzibares are different; we always have been free, and in England, if I say I am from Zanzibar, they treat me much better than they would if I should say that I was from America."

"What kind of a man is Mr. Stanley?" Saleh was asked.

"He is strict and stern, but he is just," replied the lad. "He expects to be obeyed, but he never demands impossibilities. His treatment of the natives has always been punctuated with consideration for their ignorance and superstition. In fact, I've often been surprised to see how much patience he is capable of displaying. You must remember that I am his servant, and am brought in more familiar contact with him than even his closest friend or most confidential companion, and I know whereof I speak."

"Have you ever known Mr. Stanley to be guilty of an act of cruelty to either a native or a white man?"

"No. Cruelty is something which is not natural to him. I have, however, known him to punish those who deserved punishment, but never unless it was a case of necessity, as a matter of example, or something of that kind. I have never known or heard of his ever having committed a wanton cruelty."

DINING WITH VICTORIA.

The Highest Social Honor in England Is a Very Dull Affair

Dining with the queen is a great honor. Of course, full court dress must be worn by the ladies; the gentlemen either wear their court dress or the Windsor uniform, which is really an ordinary dress coat, faced and cuffed with red silk, and adorned with gilt buttons instead of the ordinary black ones.

The guests assemble beforehand in a waiting room—at Balmoral this is called the anteroom, but at Windsor the grand corridor is used for this purpose. They range themselves in two rows, the ladies on one side and the gentlemen on the other, and the persons of highest rank are placed furthest from the door at which the queen will enter. About 9 o'clock the queen appears, and when she has received the salutations of her guests she passes down between the two rows to the door of the state dining room, and goes straight in to dinner.

The guests join in couples and follow her. During dinner there is very little talking. The guests converse among themselves in whispers, for it is not according to etiquette to speak loud. From time to time the queen speaks to some one of her guests, but, as it is not proper to disagree with her, there is, naturally, not very much done in the way of conversations between her majesty and her subjects. Dinner usually lasts for an hour or so, after which the whole party adjourn to the drawing-room. Here the queen makes a few remarks to each guest in turn, which the latter reply to suitably, and without the smallest trace of originality.

This ended, the queen returns to her private appartments, and the dinner party is ended. It must be added, however, that, dull as these entertainments are, there is not a single person who would seriously wish never to be present at one, for an invitation to dine at one of the royal palaces with the queen is the highest social honor that can be conferred on a subject.—[The Lady.

Aged of Man and Wife.

It is always better for a man to be several years the senior of his wife. And I'll tell you why. The average girl who marries—God bless her—stays at home and makes a home a blissful abiding place for her husband and her children. The man goes out into the world and has the responsibility of caring for those who are at home, and yet time does not seem to set its seal on him as it does on a woman. The little cares of life ruffle her, and too often make her look, as we say, "old before her time." Now, even when this does not happen, she does proportionately grow old in appearance sooner than a man, and for that reason she wants to take the benefit of the doubt, and let him have the added years to start with. Then, too, you should desire to keep your heart and mind young; to be his intellectual companion, and this is much easier when your husband is old enough to be "the guide, philosopher, and friend." The love of a woman to her husband always has a little of the maternal in it—that is right and tender—but she does not wish to be mistaken for his mother.

Be wise, and marry a man older than yourself; one who has seen life in its many phases, and who can guide you over the rocky place; one who has learned that it is not always wise to obey impulse, but that any important duty should be well thought over.

THE MUSMEE.

The Musmee has brown-velvet eyes,
  Curtained with satin, sleepily;
You wonder if those lids would rise
  The newest, strang t dight to see!
Yet, when she chatters, laughs, or plays,
  Koto, or lute, or sa: isen—
No jewel gleams with brighter rays
  Than flash from those dark lashes, then.

The Musmee has a small brown face—
  Muskmelon seed its perfect shape—
Arched, jetty eyebrows; nose to grace
  The rosy mouth beneath; a nape,
And neck and chin; and smooth soft cheeks,
  Carved out of sunburned ivory;
With teeth, which, when she smiles or speaks,
  Pearl merchants might come leagues to see.

The Musmee's hair could teach the night
  How to grow dark, the raven's wing
How to seem ebon; grand the sight
  When in rich masses, t wering,
She builds each high black-marble coil,
  And binds the gold and scarlet in,
And thrusts, triumphant, through the toil,
  The Kanzashi, her jeweled pin.

The Musmee has small, faultless feet
  With snow-white tabi trimly decked,
Which patter down the city street
  In short steps, slow and circumspect;
A velvet string between her toes
  Holds to its place the unwilling shoe,
Pretty and pigeon like she goes,
  And on her head a hood of blue.

The Musmee wears a wondrous dress—
  Kimono, obi, imogi—
A rosebush in Spring loveliness
  Is not more color-glad to see!
Her girdle holds her silver pipe,
  And heavy swing her long silk sleeves
With cakes, love letters, mikans ripe,
  Small change, musk box, and writing leaves.

The Musmee's heart is slow to grief
  And quick to pleasure, love, and song;
The Musmee's pocket handkerchief
  A square of paper! All day long
Gentle and sweet and debonair
  's—rich or poor—this Asian lass.
Heaven have her in its tender care!
  O medeto gozarimas!
—[Sir Edwin Arnold, in Scribner's Magazine.

ALONE WITH PHARAOH.

The Frau von Meyer was a happy woman.

One of our earlier poets has attempted to resolve happiness into a few very simple elements, of which the chief are the possession of a beloved object, a pu suit of absorbing interest, and exercise in the open air.

Miriam von Meyer combined these three constituents in the fullest measure; she was united to the only man she had ever wished to marry, and, identifying her interests with his scientific researches in archæology, she accompanied him over those parts of Asia and Africa which comprised his field of study, making extensive pilgrimages with him to the shrines of forgotton races, the sites of old civilizations, unearthing their potteries and mutilated statues, puzzling out their mysterious hieroglyphics, and regarding her husband's share in the interpretation of each new "find" as the great debt par eminence owed by science to that painstaking explorer.

The frau herself did not look like an antiquity. She was a young and beautiful Jewess, from a celebrated Hamburg family; one of the luckiest "finds" Professor Friedrich von Meyer ever made, for she endowed him not only with the devotion of an ardent soul, but with the treasures of an ample bank account, which last insured him the independence so delightful to a man who studies for the sake of knowledge, and longs to work unrammelled by the pressing need of public approval as represented in a good salary.

The Von Meyers were advanced nineteenth century lovers, coming together with congenial tastes, both of them fired with an intense desire to accomplish something in the kingdom of mind, and resolved to prove to themselves and their friends that such an end can be made perfectly consistent with the sweeter and more subtle relations of life.

It was not long before this couple were drawn into the magic sphere of old Egypt, with it spectral, indefinite past—who can doubt that Egyptology would offer the most adequate field for their dual energy—an immortality in itself?

When a standing mystery of over 3,000 years was solved at last by the discovery, at Dier el Bahari, of Rameses the Great—the Pharaoh of the Oppression, the Sesostris of the Greek—and 36 other serene mummied highnesses, the exultation of the Von Meyers was quite equal to anybody else's; they talked of "dynasties," "cartouches," "scarabæi," "papyri," from morning until night.

The climax of their excitement was reached when, later on, the unfolding took place, and Pharaoh, released from his bandages in the presence of the Khedive and other lesser dignitaries, was indubitably proven to the modern world to be himself, all that was left of him.

Late one afternoon, soon after the unfolding, the Von Meyers visited him in his last resting place, the Museum of Antiquities at Bulak, the port of Cairo. After standing a long time before the glass case which protected this most noble Pharoah from the profane touch of the curious, the professor remarked to his wife that he had some business with a native outside the museum. Would she go with him, or remain here?

"I will stay alone with Pharaoh," she said; then as he left her, she glanced around the hall, and observed that not another person shared her solitude with the mighty dead of Egypt to whom it was consecrated—even the ubiquitous guard was nowhere to be seen.

"There is a sort of silent contempt for us all in this hard, dry, old face," thought the lady, as she scanned the monarch closely. "Robbed of all the illusions of flesh and blood, there is yet a soul showing through these features. I can read you, old Pharaoh! Ah! now a mocking light shines through the mask, as if you understood my boast! Why did you oppress my people, you tyrant of the brickyards? History may vote you the most illustrious of the Pharaohs, novelists picture you as a devoted husband and parent, a generous friend; I shall believe only this face before me. You had any amount of obstinacy, inordinate vanity, and ambition. I see all these, but did you have a heart? Could you ever soften, great Rameses with the stony face? Now your eyelids look as if they could roll up again; those full lips, too, look as if they might still have a message to give. Are they impatient of the barrier which close them? The very muscles are relaxing. Hark!

"What is that peculiar sound, as if something were being wound up?

"Where is it?

"In the glass case with this same Pharaoh? In the air around him? I see nothing—that sound comes from inside the mummy itself."

Now a voice, that of a man, but repressed, reaches Frau von Meyer's ears; it gives her a double impression, seeming to proceed from some near point and also to come to her from a long way back—centuries upon centuries:

"I am not dead, daughter of Israel!"

This metallic, thin tone resembles the human voice about as the phonograph does; it holds the listener in a trance-like attitude; she catches every word, ceases to reason, and only gasps out——

"Not dead! What! After all this fuss made over you, the money spent on you—not Pharaoh's mummy at all? What kind of a fraud are you?"

The Voice speaks on through her interruption——

"There is no death. Where can man go to get rid of universal life? There have been no ears to hear, no eyes to see me. Woman, it is a fearful doom to be alive and to be thought dead. Now, revisiting my ka (in which there is ever a latent humanity), I find for once a mortal in the right aura to hear me—well do I know why—child of those Hebrews who were once the slaves of Pharaoh. Shall I tell thee my post mortem history?"

The frau stammers a word of assent, curiosity outweighing every other emotion; the ka does not pause an instant; his tone indicates that after being bottled up for ages he is glad to be released.

The court physician examined my body and said I was dead; they gave it over to the embalmers; then was there a great show of mourning throughout the land for 70 days, the temples were closed, no sacrifices offered, all festivals suspended; men and women forebore to drink wine and to eat choice viands, they formed long processions, throwing dust on their head, rending their garments; many gated Thebes shut herself in like a stricken widow and cried as with one voice of woe to the gods. Hypocrites!—shall I tell thee, woman, how many really mourned for Pharaoh? Not so many as the fingers on these withered hands. The secret exultation in the heart of Menepthah at reigning in my stead disgusted me; it was a painful surprise, for he was my son. Was it this shock which paralyzed my faculties? I know not. I sank into a lethargy, and when I again became conscious it was in the midst of an awful, thick darkness. I groped about blindly—I, Rameses the Great—in a horrible loneliness of spirit; no one came near to attend me to the judgment hall of Osiris, where the god awaited my coming, with the Egyptian cross, the emblem of eternal life, and the flagellum of justice, the 42 assessors by his side. Mine was to be the fullest union with the divinity; I was to reign with him forever. Still there came no sign out of the darkness. Then it dawned upon my intelligence, which was so keenly alive that my former existence was death in comparison, that I was spared the common lot of mortals; being far above them, as Pentaur had often sung, I was to escape the scene of judgment in the Hall of Truth, and would be allowed to enter at once the abode of the justified in the fields of Aalu.

"Though forsaken by all, yet did I sense other beings in the air near me, passing me by, all unmindful of my royal presence. Then a terrible conviction bore in on me that I was ushered into a world that was as thickly populated as the one I had left, but for which my previous life had so ill prepared me that my senses were not attuned even to its ordinary sights and sounds; my mind was outside of its conditions, my spirit impervious to its sympathies. Annihilation, this, of which I never dreamed. It was maddening!

"'Do you not know me?' I cried wildly, 'the representative on earth of the great sun god. Ra? What, minions! silent still? Show me the royal road to the fields of Aalu, I command you! Where are the gatekeepers of the Hall of Truth? Surely they will know Pharaoh'. The shadows flitted by; when I strove to grasp one, my hand closed on empty air. Sometimes a deep sigh, a groan, a mocking laugh answered me—no more. I can not say how long this lasted. An instinct told me that the connection between my wandering spirit and its late tenement was not severed. I would return, then, unto the mummy and rest me. There, at least, in the mortuary chamber surrounded by every tribute to my sovereign state, I should be again a king. All record of time was gone.

"A long period of unconsciousness in my ka must have followed. Now and then comes to me some glimmer of remembrance of another body that I animated on another planet, but it is very faint. It may be that this was a dream while I slept in my ka, until the hunger for life awoke the higher principle to action. I had not changed. Still was I Rameses, who shifted the mastery of nations. One day, after going forth from my tomb and encountering the same darkness as before, I bethought me of Ammon. If there was a God I had been on intimate terms with in my earth life, it was Ammon; he it was who presided over my marriage with Neferari. Osiris persisted in veiling his glory, the Triad of Thebes was obdurate, but this gracious deity I might discover. I reached out mine arms. How lustily I cried from the depths of mine anguish, 'Oh, Ammon, come to Pharaoh? Remember that he, too, is an immortal!'

"Joy unspeakable! For the first time since I was disembodied a voice replied unto my call.

"'Know thyself, misguided mortal, and light will come. Thou art deserted by thy false gods. Did I not tell thee Israel's Yahveh [Jehovah] reigns alone?'

"I knew at once the voice of Adah, the Hebrew woman.

"Once, long ago, on a feast day, I was riding by the brickyards in my chariot, wearing the crown of upper and lower Egypt; the brickmakers forgot their labor, even the overseers were dazzled by my exceeding splendor. All fell on their knees as my chariot drove slowly by, the priests in my procession chanting a hymn to Ra and to me. While students came from abroad to consult our magi, and the nobles of Egypt feasted riotously, these captives must needs labor in the brickyards, such was their fortune appointed by the gods. It were folly to make their task too easy, and give them straw, too ready at hand for their bricks; then would the children of Israel get from under the hand of Pharaoh, and the land again be overrun by wandering tribes. Nigh unto my chariot that day stood a comely young woman; she seemed of kin to some workman in the brickyard, for she carried on her arm a basket, as if bringing food, and when she stretched her neck to look at the procession her veil fell back. I saw her face and it found favor in my sight; they told me her name was Adah. The next morning I commanded that Adah be brought into my palace. There was she given over at once unto the handmaids, and the king's messenger bade them treat her no more as a captive, but like unto a guest worthy of all honor; so the handmaidens did bathe her feet in a silver basin, and clothed her in fine linen in the place of her coarse garments; they annointed her hair with sweet smelling oil and wreathed her shoulder with a garland of choice roses. After refreshment she was led into my presence.

"I dismissed my attendants; it was the king's will to be alone with this fair Israelite. A tame lion crouched at the side of the couch on which I was reclining. The woman's face blanched; she gave a terrified cry; but with one hasty signal from me the beast fawned at her feet in welcome; then I saw the rose return unto her cheek, and it was beautiful.

"'Thou hast naught to fear in the house of Pharaoh,' I said; 'thou hast a spell truly to subdue the lion himself. The Lord of Diadems and Dispenser of Life invites thee from this hour to make thy home in his palace among his handmaidens. He shall be thy sun to give thee light; forgotten shall be the gloom of this captivity.'

"A swift shadow fell upon her features. 'Mighty and most gracious king, wouldst thou have me desert mine own people?'

"'Thou shalt drink of the wine of joy that bringeth oblivion. I will have thee remain with me, Adah.'

"'But thy servant has a husband in yonder brickyard; a daughter of Israel must be faithful to her husband and her God.'

"I laughed with a fine scorn. There was no sign of yielding in the woman's face. Then I was angered, and I raised my voice, threatening her furiously with a dungeon beneath the palace, because of her foul ingratitude. The lion at my feet knew well his master's tone; his savage nature woke; he gave one low, meaning growl and showed his teeth. One gesture more from me and he had sprung upon her; but I would not this horror, so I strove to bridle mine own wrath and I laid also my hand on the lion's neck. An answering gleam of fire leaped from the black eyes of the Hebrew; she fixed them without quailing on the beast and then on me, as if she dared despise us both, and then, freezing all at once like unto a statue, she gazed beyond me at a place in the air over my head, as though she saw something invisible to other eyes; it was even as if some power mightier than Pharaoh's did govern her.

"'Thou mayest chain my body to your dungeon,' she said, 'but my spirit will take flight to its love and its duty in yonder brickyard, thou oppressor of Israel!'—flinging, as she spoke, the garland of flowers from off her shoulders to the floor. 'I spurn the delights of this palace; give me rather the hardships of captivity, which will be but for a season. Then, Egypt herself shall be a captive, her gods shall be silent, and the gates of their temples closed forever. Yahveh shall reign alone on the earth. The dynasty shall be clean wiped out of the land, strangers shall reign in her high places until even the longing for liberty which is deathless in the Israelite shall be no more in the heart of the Egyptian. Thou, Oh Pharaoh! shalt be laid low; even in thy sepulcher thy bones shall find no rest, and the days of thy purification shall not be accomplished until the daughters of Israel come to gaze upon thee and thou art a spectacle unto the curious.'

"I glared at her, speechless, wondering. Verily this woman must be of unsound mind thus to defy the lord of the earth with the senseless babble of her priests! Would it behoove me to take revenge upon this daring, but weak and helpless thing? She stood there silent now, still beautiful. How easy for me to crush her! One intent, then another, swayed my will; her reckless courage was of the same fiber as my own. I felt this kinship through my anger—it prevailed at last. Better to win her by mercy than to punish her; let her go hence in safety now, and send for her again.

"'Get thee to the brickyard at once, then,' I commanded, with a proud disdain, 'since it alone contents thy base borne, fancy! The son of Ra wars not with fools and weaklings! But keep thine own counsel, woman, or by Ammon thou shalt have abundant cause for repentance!'

"I called the guards to take her away, without casting on her another look. Soon after this, warfare with the Chetos drove softer feelings far from my breast. Never again on earth did I behold this Abah; inquiring for her when I returned a conqueror, they told me she was dead. Thus twice did Abah, the Hebrew captive, disappoint Pharaoh, the King of Egypt. He might in time forget the woman who adored him, but the only one of all her sex who repulsed and thwarted him—who dared tell him an unwelcome truth—he never could forget; his spirit, disembodied, was quick to recognize the voice he never heard but once, when it came to him at last through thick darkness, after that long silence, that vain search for his gods. And then, still womanlike, she said, 'Did I not tell thee so? Forget Osiris so soon as thou art able. Learn humility, if thou wouldst know aught of Yahveh.'

"'If it indeed be possible,' I answered, 'that I am not to reign with Osiris, then do I crave that I may return to mine own Egypt; no paltry sphere is meet for Pharaoh.'

"'Return to Egypt, as thou sayest, effect thy purification there,' said Adah, as one having authority.

"I knew not what she meant, but in an instant mine eyes opened upon the old council chamber I did know so well.

"From that hour often have I travailed in agony with Egypt's destinies! Whether it were Persian, Roman, or Turk I wrestled with in secret, it was in vain. I would have my mind the power behind his throne, but the usurper would have little of Pharaoh's will—these stupid moderns will neither hear nor understand. Alas for Egypt! She is the football of the nations; Pharaoh sickens of the desperate game; his pride is humbled to the dust; he is a-weary. The intervals spent in this ka no longer rest him; there is a moving toward a higher life! the Phœnix would rise from its ashes. Listen, daughter of Israel.

"Thou art Adah!"

Frau von Meyer trembles violently; she clutches the nearest object for support.

"Say not thou hast quite forgotten?"

A thrill — instant, electric — shoots through her frame; a telegram from an immemorial past? An awe beyond words broods over unfathomed depths in her being.

"Now would I confer a parting boon upon thee, a slight offering of atonement—a toy to please a child. Thou hast heard of the lost arts of the ancient world? The customs of old Egypt are stuccoed on the walls of her monuments in colors which last while stars rise and set; your artists are not skilled in dyes, nor your artisans in metals; your engravers on stone are bunglers; your shallow builders, with all their cement, can not join stones to stand the strain of time. Can your workmen set huge rocks firmly in high air? These secrets are not all lost; they are but hidden. In the heart of that mountain which enshrines my first mortuary chamber were found many funeral offerings. Among them was one roll of papyrus which preserved the processes of some of these contemporary arts. The shortsighted thieves dropped and overlooked this roll, while they secured many a worthless trinket and vessel of alabaster. It is for thee to find it, Miriam of Hamburg, and thy husband's name will be lauded above others. Take the subterranean passage leading to the stairway; then turn to the——"

Frau von Meyer's eyes roll wildly from the mummy of Rameses II to each of his companions. All are silent; each one is as motionless, inscrutable as every other—sphinxes all.

The phonograph has freed itself; it has run down, and is still forever. Oh, for just one word more! — [Frances Albert Dougherty, in Boston Transcript.

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National Lead Trust	19	½
Missouri Pacific	67½	⅝
Northern Pacific Con	27⅝	¾
" Prefered	71⅝	¾
Oregon Transcontinental	18	¼
Union Pacific	45⅝	¾
Western Union	81⅝	¼
Richmond Terminal	18	¼
Louisville & Nashv	74½	½
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe	27⅝	½
Chicago, Rock Island & Western	104⅝	½
Chicago & New England	35¼	¾

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—A special meeting of the Stockholders of the Valentine Iron Company will be held at the office of Beaver, Gephart & Dale, in Bellefonte, Centre county, Penn'a, on TUESDAY, MARCH 24th, 1891, at 11 o'clock, a. m., for the purpose of considering the propriety of authorizing the Board of Directors to issue a mortgage upon the property and franchises of the corporation for working capital, and such other matters as may be deemed necessary to be acted upon.

By order of the Board of Directors.

ROBERT VALENTINE, President.

J. W. GEPHART, Secretary.

Feb'y 27, 1891. m2-3t

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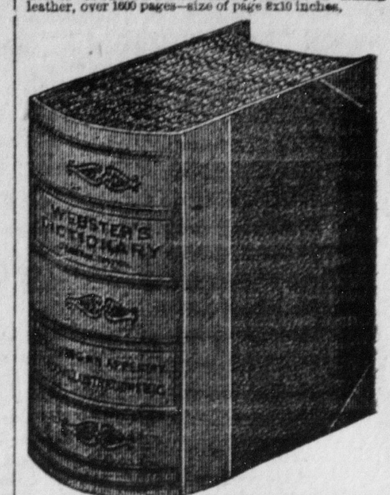

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THE NORTH STAR.

When twilight's purple veil is furled
Beyond the western verge of day,
And slowly o'er the darkened world
The stars come forth in bright array,—
When Venus hides her burning face
Upon old Ocean's troubled breast,
Or, weary of his march through space,
Mars camps behind the mountain crest;
The sailor on the moonless sea,
The pilgrim of the trackless plain,
The bondman, panting to be free,
Turn northward and take heart again;
For there, above unmeasured heights,
An emblem of eternal truth,
Unchanged amidst the charming lights,
The North Star lifts her crown of youth.

Self-centred in the boundless blue,
Calm dweller of the vast unknown,
Forever tender, strong and true,
Serenely from her distant throne
She gazes down the voiceless deep
While worlds are drifting at her feet
And mighty constellations sweep
Around her life an endless fleet;
The Northern Lights across her fling
The glory of their dancing spears,
The Morning Star beneath her sing
The chorus of Creation's year,—
And while the systems sink and rise
And planets to each other nod
The light streams form her tranquil eyes
As steadfast as the love of God.

—[Youth's Companion.

HENRY HARRIS'S REWARD.

Henry Harris was rewarded. It was only proper that he should be. He had by considerable work, at great inconvenience to himself, rendered Mrs. Loring Blake a service. Moreover, he had at the same time demonstrated the fact that he was thoroughly honest.

Now be it known that there was a vast difference between the two; Henry Harris was a clerk in Cloth and Company's dry goods store, while Mrs. Loring Blake was the wife of the Hon. Loring Blake, proprietor of Blake's mills. In point of fact, she was considered thoroughly aristocratic, and being such, of course rode in a barouche and wore diamonds. These gems were her especial delight, and thereby hangs a tale.

One day the barouche of Mrs. Loring Blake drew up in front of Cloth and Company's store. Mrs. Loring Blake, by the aid of a footman, alighting therefrom, it was evident that she intended to make some purchases. That, to Cloth and Company, was a very important fact, for wheresoever traded Mrs. Loring Blake, there traded the numerous lesser lights of Mayville.

Mr. Button, a member of the firm, hastened forward to greet the distinguished visitor. Undoubtedly Mr. Cloth would have done likewise if he could, but that was impossible, as he was dead.

She remained quite a time, but finally completed her purchases, and having done so, departed in as stately a manner as she had arrived.

That night it snowed. I do not know that there is anything remarkable in the fact, but as it has a direct bearing upon this story it is necessary to mention it.

The next day there was a commotion in Cloth and Company's store. One of Mrs. Loring Blake's servants approached Mr. Button and gave forth startling news. The day before, while shopping, his mistress had lost a diamond pin valued at $1,000. As no trace of it had been found in her barouche, she had arrived, after due deliberation, at the conclusion that she must have lost it in Cloth and Company's store; had Mr. Button seen or heard anything of it, and if he had not, would he be kind enough to make some effort to discover it. The owner would be only too glad to reward the lucky finder.

Mr. Button deeply regretted the fact, but truth compelled him to admit that he had no idea of the whereabouts of the pin. However, he would be only too happy to search for it, and Mrs. Loring Blake could rest assured that if found anywhere within the store it would be returned to her.

Then commenced a search for the missing pin. The floor was carefully examined, and every part of the establishment thoroughly overhauled. The sweepings of the previous evening were sifted, and last of all, Mr. Button questioned the clerks, not forgetting to mention the fact that the owner would reward the finder.

Notwithstanding all this, the whereabouts of the pin remained a mystery, and he was obliged to report his lack of success to Mrs. Loring Blake.

Now, of course, among others he had spoken to Henry Harris. This young man, when he learned that the search had been abandoned by his employer, decided to look around a little on his own account. He believed that he could recover the diamond. He was satisfied that it was not in the store; what, then, was more probable than that the owner had dropped it when she alighted from her barouche?

At about 4 o'clock the next morning a person looking out on a street might have seen a lantern moving along that thoroughfare. Closer observation would have revealed the fact that it was in the hand of Henry Harris; also that he carried a spade.

Arrived opposite the entrance to Cloth and Company's, he set down his lantern and commenced shovelling away the snow. Notwithstanding the fact that a policeman was supposed to pass the spot every 15 minutes, he worked unmolested for more than an hour. When he left success had crowned his efforts and the pin was in his pocket.

When Mr. Button entered the store that morning, the first person whom he encountered was Henry Harris. Before he could "dock" him for not being behind the counter, as he had intended to do, his clerk produced the pin and commenced to explain by what means he had obtained it. Mr. Button suddenly changed his mind with regard to the "docking" process. He was delighted to know that the diamond had been recovered, and bestowed unbounded praise upon Henry.

The matter was soon made known to Mrs. Loring Blake, and she declared that if her property were not rewarded she would transfer her patronage to the rival firm of Tape, Ribbon and Company. That, in the estimation of Mr. Button, would be an awful event. Now there was no danger of such a dire calamity, or, to use his own words, "Tape, Ribbon and Company were not in it."

"Take it right over to Mrs. Blake," he exclaimed. "Without doubt she will reward you handsomely, You need not return this morning unless you desire."

Although this piece of generosity on the part of his employer greatly surprised Henry, he did not avail himself of it. He did not wish to be thanked by the owner in the formal manner he imagined she did such things. As for the reward, if she wished to give it to him, she could send it by one of her numerous servants. He explained this to his employer, and asked that some one be appointed to convey the stone to its owner.

Mr. Button said that such feelings did Henry credit. He also said many other flattering things, and ended by volunteering to go himself.

As the clerk agreed to this, he went, and half an hour later was ushered into the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Loring Blake. Having produced the pin, he proceeded to relate by whom and under what circumstances it had been recovered. The couple were loud in their praise of the clerk.

"Ahem!" remarked Mr. Loring Blake, after a short interval of silence. "I think, my dear, that we should do something handsome for the young man. A check for $100 would be about the proper thing—eh, Button?"

Before Button could reply, "my dear" said—

"That is just like you men. You have absolutely no feeling of delicacy. I believe that the young man would feel insulted if you offered him money. Do you not agree with me, Mr. Button?"

Mr. Button knew very well that a check for that amount would be very acceptable to Henry; he also knew that it would never do to disagree with his best customer; therefore he stated that it was his firm opinion that the young man would feel deeply humiliated by such an offer.

"There," the lady exclaimed, "you see I am right. There are many ways of rewarding a person without insulting him."

"Well, suit yourself, my dear," Mr. Blake agreed, and then, seeing that they did not desire to further question him, the visitor took his leave.

At 11 o'clock the same morning Mrs. Loring Blake drove up to the entrance of Cloth and Company's. She stated that she wished to see Mr. Harris. Mr. Harris hastened to the carriage. The lady had nothing but praise for him; she said that she felt she could never sufficiently reward him for what he had done, and finally, did Mr. Harris like apples?

Mr. Harris had always had an uncontrollable yearning for apples; they were his favorite fruit. Mrs. Blake drove off without comment, but the question suggested possibilities to the clerk's mind. It was a well known fact that Mrs. Loring Blake owned a large orchard, famous for the fruit it produced.

As I have mentioned before, Mrs. Loring Blake was aristocratic, and consequently took an aristocratic method of rewarding Henry Harris. He had expressed himself as being fond of apples, therefore she was determined that he should have enough of them. That very afternoon a servant conveyed her liberal reward to Henry Harris's modest domicile.

The object of Mrs. Blake's good will arrived home earlier than usual that night.

"Henry," was his mother's greeting, "there has been a reward left here for you, together with the giver's compliments. It is in the kitchen."

Henry Harris hastened to the room mentioned. Honesty was rewarded with apples. They were in a basket. Mrs. Loring Blake had indeed been generous. The basket held two quarts. —[E. V. Newton.

Light Without Fire.

To obtain a light instantly, without the use of matches and without the danger of setting things on fire is, according to the *Mining and Scientific Press*, an easy matter. Take a long vial of the clearest glass, put into it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea. Upon this pour some pure olive oil heated to the boiling point, the bottle to be filled one-third full; then cork tightly. To use the light remove the cork, allow the air to enter, and then recork. The whole empty space in the bottle will become luminous and the light obtained will be a good one. As soon as the light becomes dim its power can be increased by opening the bottle and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter. In very cold weather it is sometimes necessary to heat the vial between the hands to increase the fluidity of the oil, and one bottle will last all winter. This ingenious contrivance may be carried in the pocket, and is used by watchmen of Paris in all magazines where explosives or inflammable materials are stored.

Proper.

The pen is mighty, and was never mightier than to-day; but there are times when it is a vain thing for safety.

A gentleman touring through England stayed all night at a prim old lady's cottage, the village inn being full. He was very deaf, and took pains to impress the fact upon his hostess, with instructions that someone must enter his room to wake him at a particular hour in the morning.

On waking a good deal later than the time appointed he found that the old lady, with a commendable regard for propriety, had slipped under his door a piece of paper on which was written:

"Sir, it is half past seven!"

The greater quantity of hair from which wigs are made for England's judges, lawyers, and clergymen comes from China, where it is cut from the heads of beggars, criminals, and the dead.

The late James Redpath, although he was associate editor of a great monthly, and was well known to the people of two continents, died penniless.

THE LITTLE BIRD TELLS.

It's strange how little boy's mothers
Can find it all out as they do,
If a feller does anything naughty,
Or says anything that's not true!
They'll look at you just a moment,
Till your heart in your busum swells,
And then they know all about it—
For a little bird tells!

Now where the little bird comes from
Or where the little bird goes,
If he's covered with beautiful plumage,
Or black as the king of the crows;
If his voice is as hoarse as the raven's,
Or clear as the ringing bells,
I know not; but this I am sure of—
A little bird tells!

The moment you think a thing wicked,
The moment you do a thing bad,
Or angry, or sullen, or hateful,
Get ugly, or stupid, or mad,
Or tease a dear brother or sister—
That instant your sentence he knells,
And the whole to mamma in a minute
That little bird tells!

You may be in the depths of the closet,
Where nobody sees but a mouse;
You may be all alone in the cellar,
You may be on the top of the house;
You may be in the dark and the silence
Or out in the woods and the dells—
No matter! Wherever it happens
The little bird tells!

And the only contrivance to stop him
Is just to be sure what you say—
Sure of your facts and your fancies,
Sure of your work and your play;
Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,
Be gentle and loving as well,
And then you can laugh at the stories
The little bird tells!

—[Atlanta Constitution

AS THE NORWEGIANS DO.

BY ROYAL HUBBELL.

"Well, what in the name of all that's snowed in do you call these?" exclaimed my friend Brown in new surprise.

He had lately come to the land of fur coats, snowshoes, and ice palaces, therefore saw much in our everyday life to astonish him. Often as we walked along the streets he would grasp my arm and point out things that were as old as the bluffs to me.

"Oh, they are only a pair of Norwegian skis. You will see plenty of them after the first big snowfall."

"Well, I should remark that that fellow has plenty of them already," said Brown, glancing curiously along the snowshoes, as if mentally calculating their length, which was about 10 feet. "Doesn't he glide along easily?" he continued, watching the descent of Thor as he seemed to travel without the least effort on his part.

"Oh, yes; they are bred to it. You may often see little children using skis with apparent ease."

"It must be fun," mused Brown. "Did you ever try a pair?"

"Not I, indeed!"

"Well, then, let's do so. I didn't come from Indiana to Minnesota for nothing. I'm going to do as the Norwegians do."

"But," remonstrated I, "the shoes cost considerable, and might be dangerous to our old bones."

"Oh, hang the cost! I'm here for fun, you know. And as for the danger—why, look at that little tot there moving along as gracefully as a bird. Besides, I used to be a good skater,"

"Well" said I, dubiously, "if you will, I suppose you must; your blood be upon your own head!"

"Nonsense! Just tell me where I can get the skis, and I'll show you."

I informed him, and presently he came stalking home with two pair of immense snowshoes on his shoulder, and a determined look in his eye.

His enthusiasm had quite overcome my prejudices against the things; and so, when night had come to hide any little mistakes we might make, we repaired to the moonlit orchard in the rear of my house, where there was a hill on which we could practice.

"How shall you occupy yours?" I asked.

"The man told me: 'yust put mine foot in the strap and leave 'em loose.' But I guess I haven't skated thus far through life to be fooled by a Norwegian. I'm going to tie 'em on tight, you know," he answered, chuckling at his own foresight.

"But," I objected, "perhaps the man was right; he ought to know."

"Bosh! You can follow his advice, but I shall use common sense."

"All right; I'll take the Norwegian way, then."

By this time Brown had reached the top of the hill, and had tied on his unwieldy footwear.

"Well, here goes!" he cried, and stood upon them.

And he did go, indeed.

"Whoop!" he shouted as he whizzed down the steepest place. "Get out of the way!"

I thought this rather prudent advice; for the manner in which those skis and his arms were s reading around hinted at the need of a larger State than Minnesota.

In about a second and a half my friend had acquired a speed that would have made a cyclone blush with envy, and each quarter second increased his terrific momentum. As he neared me I read in his face what he would say if he could have caught breath enough to say it: "However shall I guide these things?"

Fall! Fall! Let yourself fall!" I shouted. For I saw that he was being carried toward my young apple trees and knew he could never collide with them at that rate without breaking them, and perhaps himself also.

"Fall? Not he! In that one second of despair I saw an expression of disdain an inch thick spread over his grim visage; and I knew then that his proud spirit would much rather suffer death than defeat.

As he neared the trees I closed my eyes. He glided past my Siberian crab, and not hearing anything I took courage and opened one orb. Then, as I saw him bearing down upon two other favorites, I closed it again. But I neglected to stop my ears, and the next instant there was a crash as of the falling of a forest giant.

I dared not move, for I feared my friend was indeed killed, until I heard a muffled—a very much muffled voice saying—

"Say! help a feller out, can't you?"

I hurried down to where Brown had his head buried in the snow up to the third button on his coat. He was flat on his face, with the heels of his shoes lovingly entwined in the branches of one of my prime trees.

When my would be Norwegian was liberated, he immediately picked up his shoes and started hillward.

"Good heavens, man! You don't mean to say you are going to risk your neck again?"

Oh, the look of determination that that martyr frowned on me as he retorted—

"Did you ever know a Hoosier to give up an undertaking with the first attempt? Of course I'm going to try again!"

Seeing that argument was useless, I begged him to take a different course and steer clear of my trees. He did so, and made a most beautiful run. I feel confident that some Norwegian evil genius must have assisted chance to perform the miracle. He came stalking up the grade, flushed with the success of his second attempt, and vowing that 10 feet of skis and two feet of the "beautiful" were just the combined elements for him.

"Why, I couldn't keep away from them if I wished! I feel sure that destiny intended me to become a champion on the beauties!" And he clapped the shoes together to emphasize his outburst.

I felt so far encouraged by his meteoric success that I said I'd go up and try my own fate.

I put the shoes on; they seemed rather large, but Brown said:

"They fit you splendidly? I know you will make a good long slide the first trial."

Breathing a short but fervent prayer I made the start. If I could have stopped again, a ten dollar bill would have seemed small in my eyes for the blessed privilege. But it could not be. As I neared the steep place I heard Brown shouting encouragingly:

"That's it! That's just the way I started! You are a roaring success!"

My wind was all gone and I couldn't catch any more, although there seemed to be plenty of it all around me. I was losing my head. I caught a glimpse of trees ahead, and taking my own former advice, let myself fall. If I had it to do over again I would not sit down. A skater with a two miles a minute head of steam on has no right to sit down in business hours. Nevertheless I confidently did so, but didn't stop; I moved right along in the good old way until I reached the foot of the hill.

Just then the moon modestly went behind a cloud, and as I picked up the pieces of myself and my wardrobe I felt glad that the snow, at least, was adhesive.

I sneaked quietly into the house—for various reasons I didn't want to disturb my wife—and after arraying myself in sticking plaster and another pair of trousers, I went out again to try and dissuade Brown from further gymnastic performances.

He was waiting impatiently, not caring to waste his talent on the empty air; but as soon as I appeared he said—

"Now watch your uncle!"

"My uncle" had hardly started when his right foot insisted on going faster than its mate. The left made a little spurt once in a while, but the right had the inside track and plainly meant to keep it. At last the left seemed to grow discouraged, and ended by dropping out of the race entirely, while its mate kept on as far as possible—Brown is a tall man—and then gave one last lunge, sticking fast in the snow.

Never, outside of Barnum's, have I seen a man in such a pose—with a pair of 10 foot boards attached to him. It was wonderful! I gazed in rapt astonishment at my friend to see if he would not kiss his hand to me as do famous contortionists at the end of an act; but he just kept kept on posing.

I'm a little hard of hearing, but I think I caught the sound of a forbidden word from his lips. There may be Norwegians in the place to which he alluded, but I doubt much if there are any skis there.

Before I would untie Brown I made him promise to rest for that night; then I helped him out of his acrobatic position and we retired into the house.

He vowed that early morning should see him practicing. But the next day found us both so stiff from our unusual exercise that we were glad enough to lounge about the house and disguise our lameness by feigning to be rheumatic.

I am afraid there will yet be trouble; for every now and then Brown bursts out with:

"Wasn't that second slide of mine a daisy?"

"Yes; but how about the other two?" I ask.

"Oh, that's all right! A fellow can't make a success at anything in such a short time. I'll show you yet that I mean business."

So my wife and I are praying hourly for a thaw to come and take the snow before my Hoosier friend gets well enough to renew the battle. It's the only hope for him.

Who Invented Ice Cream.

While William M. Chase was painting a portrait of General Rutherford B. Hayes, the ex-occupant of the White House said: "I have learned that the first ice cream was the result of a sailor's ingenuity. It was on a merchant vessel, many years ago. A sailor wanting to improve the sweetened water, cooled it with ice, and in so doing accidentally froze it to the consistency of ice cream. That, sir, is the history of the discovery of ice cream." But Mr. Hayes was unable to give the name of the great unknown.

"If there is one time more than another," says an experienced married man, "when a woman should be left alone, it is when a line of clothes comes down in the mud."—[Atchison Globe.

Mr. Moody declares that if an archangel should come down from heaven and preach in Boston the congregation would find flaws of grammar or logic in the sermon.

GONE BEFORE.

There's a beautiful face in the silent air,
Which follows it ever and near,
With smiling eyes and amber hair,
With voiceless lips yet with breath of prayer
That I feel but can not hear.

The dimpled hand and ringlet of gold
Lie low in a marble sleep;
I stretch my hand for a clasp of old;
But the empty air is strangely cold,
And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a sinless brow with a radiant crown,
And a cross laid down in the dust;
There's a smile where never a shade comes now;
And tears no more from these dear eyes flow,
So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well! And summer is come again,
Singing her same old song;
But oh, it sounds like a sob of pain,
As it floats in the sunshine and the rain,
O'er the hearts of the world's great throng.

There's a beautiful region above the skies,
And I long to reach its shore;
For I know I shall find my treasure there,
The laughing eyes and amber hair
Of the loved one gone before.

THE MYSTERIOUS DRESS.

"You are invited to the regiment ball, dear," said Mrs. Ackland, as her daughter entered the room, her dripping waterproof and umbrella giving evidence of a sturdy battle with the storm that could be plainly heard even through closed shutters and dropped curtains on that upper floor. "The most polite letter from Colonel B—— saying you can go with his wife and daughters. He knows I have retired from society. Here is the ticket, Effie."

The elder lady's frail fingers drew two elegant squares of pink and gold pasteboard from an envelope as she spoke. But the girl, having hung her waterproof in an adjacent kitchen, and perched her umbrella where it could drip harmlessly in some stationary tubs, did not even pick them up.

"It would be better to publish the fact that I've retired from society also, mamma," she said, a little sadly.

"At 20?" cried her mother.

"It comes to that when one has one black frock patched at the elbows."

"You could go in white. Gentlemen admire it, or used to. White, with a few flowers and no jewelry. No one could find fault with that style. The greatest heiress in Boston, when I was a girl, was admired for her simplicity. She always dressed in white."

"A sheet and pillowcase is the only white costume I could manage. That poor old white dress that still exists in your memory is short in the waist, short in the skirt, won't meet in the belt, and its sleeves won't go over my wrist. I have grown in five years."

"Is it five years since you went to your cousin Jennie's wedding in it? Dear, dear, how time flies! Couldn't you make over one of your old silk dresses?"

"I should be a laughing stock, mamma. But I can live without going to a ball, though I should enjoy it very much."

"The daughter of Captain Ackland ought to have opportunities," said the widow. "How are you to marry if you never meet any one? A pretty girl like you was never meant to be a spinster and work for bread."

"Things point in that direction now. Typewriting is no fun, and I am as likely to marry as I am to go to Cuba. Don't sigh, mamma. You would be lonely if I went to the ball, and I should be up late and make mistakes next day—lose my place, perhaps. I'll write a very polite regret when I get some fine note paper. Now let us have tea."

The little brown teapot and the two blue cups and plates were soon on the table. Effie Ackland had a way of making excellent little dishes out of next to nothing—it was very convenient under the circumstances—and although the girl pined for something beside the daily routine of typewriting and evenings spent in listening to her mother's reminiscences of former grandeur—for Mrs. Ackland had been a belle and a beauty and an expectant heiress when she married the dashing young captain—it was the mother who bemoaned herself.

At last, tea being over, it was discovered that the storm had passed, and that the moon was shining, and Effie declared that she would run down to the little stationer's shop and get some note paper of the proper sort on which to reply to the kind invitation and offer of the colonel and his lady.

It was a quiet neighborhood, and very late, and Effie wrapped herself in a thick coat, tied a little blue hood over her head, and ran lightly down stairs and along the street toward the stationer's. However, when she reached its door she found it closed. The old woman who kept it had expected no customers and had retired early. Effie knew of another shop of the same sort a few blocks further on which was always open late, and turned her steps that way—at least she intended to do so. But there are still portions of New York city where it is very easy to lose one's self; and, beside, Effie was not an old resident of that part of the city. Somehow she missed the right corner, crossed the street at a wrong angle, and shortly discovered that she was lost.

It was a gloomy and unpleasant street in which the girl found herself, and she was somewhat frightened. However, she decided that the best thing she could do was to keep on walking until she came to a decent shop or met a policeman of whom she could ask the way. She acted on this resolution with her usual promptitude, but for a long while she went on seeing nothing but liquor or cigar shops, and not meeting a solitary guardian of the peace, and came at last to an old building with a plank wall, in the center of which an arched gate stood open.

Just as she stood opposite this gate two drunken men came howling down the street, and in terror of them she slipped beneath the arch. They passed without seeing her; but before she dared to venture out a light shone in her face, and, turning, she saw a figure in black with red shoes, a red cape, horns, hoofs, a long tail which he carried over his arm, and in his hand a great paper parcel—in fact, Satan as we see him portrayed in ancient pictures, acting for the nonce as messenger boy.

Startled beyond expression, Effie was about to fly, when the demon spoke.

"Well, ma'mselle, I've been waiting for you a long while," was his characteristic remark. "I came so far to save time. Won't you get a roasting!"

Then he tossed the parcel into her arms, turned and fled.

Effie fled also. What the demon had given her she did not know, but she mechanically clutched it as she flew along the lonely street, and by mere accident took the right direction and found herself at the corner of an avenue she knew. She arrived at her own door just in time—at least, so her mother declared—to save that lady going out of her mind with terror. She had no paper, but she had the parcel which the demoniac personage had crammed into her hands to prove that she had not merely imagined the meeting with him, and now she unfastened the many pins that held it, unfolded the paper and sundry muslin wrappings within, and behold—a dress—the loveliest ball costume of gold satin and black lace that could be imagined!

The demon had presented her with a dress in which to attend the ball.

"What does it mean?" she exclaimed. "Really, I feel as if I was out of my mind."

"It must be providential," said the mother. "Try it on, my dear."

Effie obeyed. The costume fitted her perfectly.

"You look like an angel!" said the mother, admiringly.

"But the demon said I should have a good roasting," said Effie.

"It was only a man in some queer dress," said the mother.

"Of course. At least, I suppose so."

"And now you can go to the ball."

"Shall I dare? Will I not find my costume vanishing, like poor Cinderella's, in the midst of my dance, with whatever stands for the young prince at the officer's ball of the regiment? I doubt if it will be here in morning; beside, I ought to advertise it: 'If the fiend who presented a young lady with a black lace ball dress, in a dark alley, on the night of the —th, will kindly call,' or something of the sort."

"Oh, we will look in the papers, of course," said her mother. "But I don't believe we shall find anything—fate intends you to go to the ball."

So it seemed indeed.

Effie went to the ball, and her dress was pronounced charming. In passing, I will mention to the reader that it was there that she met the gentleman who afterward became her husband, and that much happened and all good fortune came to her through the demon's gift of the ball dress.

No one ever advertised for the dress, and it hung in Effie's wardrobe until her wedding day. She never expected to solve the mystery that surround it.

Effie had married a rich man and lived in very elegant style, and a man servant was one of the necessaries of the household. Mrs. Ackland—who lives with her daughter—suggested a Frenchman, and having advertised for such a person a candidate presented himself. He had but one reference, but that was a good one.

"I will tell you the reason I have no more, madame," said he. "I have had my ambitions—desired to go upon the stage. I even obtained a position—I played a demon in the last act of a great spectacle at the —— Theater. There were 75 demons—It was glorious. But alas! I got into difficulties there through my good nature. The renowned Senora V. had been playing at the theater, and left behind her a lace dress. She telegraphed that she would send her maid for it, as she was to wear it that night. Every moment was precious, and the old lady who had charge of me had sprained her ankle.

"'My friend,' she said to me, 'if you would but go down the long stairs and to the end of the passage, and wait with the parcel until Ma'mselle Fanchon, the senora's maid, comes for the dress, you will save us all much trouble—you will not be wanted for an hour.'

"I obliged her, of course. I even went into the damp alley of the back entrance and waited there. I was kept a tremendous time, and when at last a young woman rushed in, I gave her the parcel—like an idiot—without asking who she was. I gave it to the wrong woman. Fifteen minutes after the real maid arrived. Oh, there was a row! All I was worth would not have paid for the dress. But I was dismissed at once. I deserved it. It was the act of an idiot. How well do I remember what I said to her: 'you'll get a roasting, ma'mselle.' Well, it was I who got the roasting. At first they accused me of stealing the dress, but——"

"I am sure you tell the truth," said Effie, and engaged the man at once.

That day Senora V. was astonished by receiving a box which contained the long lost dress uninjured.

A letter which was inclosed told the story in full, but without giving any names, and Camille—the new waiter—never guessed that the liberal gift he received at Christmas time was offered, not to the accomplished waiter, but to the demon who had brought about so much happiness by his gift of a ball dress.

Only those very rare, abnormal men, whose true earnestness lies not in the personal and practical, but in the objective and theoretical, are able to apprehend the essential qualities of things and of the world—that is, the highest truths, and reproduce them in any way. For such an earnestness, not concerned with the individual, lying in the objective, is something foreign to human nature, something unnatural, properly, supernatural; yes, without it, a great man is impossible, and accordingly his productions are then ascribed to a genius different from him, that takes full possession of him.

Pasteur is famous for his absent-mindedness. It is said that he would frequently forget to eat his dinner if some one did not remind him of it.

ANOTHER WILSON

A Man Arrested in Punxsutawney Brought to Bellefonte Wednesday.

On the 4.30 train Wednesday afternoon Mr. P. F. Mann and Chief of-police R. R. Chambers, of Big Run, Jefferson county, arrived in Bellefonte having in custody a man who they had arrested on Saturday at Punxsutawney on the suppostion that he was the escaped murderer Wilson. This fact, however, was dispelled very suddenly as soon as they alighted from the train in this place, as every person who has ever seen Wilson knew it was not him. Neverthless the man was taken to jail where he was cofined until this morning and turned out.

When in the district attorney's office he gave his name as P. F. Burnett, and said he was a tight rope walker and trapeze performer, and it must be confessed that he looked very much as if he was. Suspicion was first directed to the man because he claimed to be a showman and a detective and said he was on the hunt for Wilson, who had escaped the Centre county authorities; that he thought because he was a showman and he knew Wilson was one he might be able to catch him, deliver him up and get the $50 reward. This aroused suspicion and as Burnett looked not unlike the printed description of Wilson he was arrested and word telegraphed here for minute descriptions. Everything seemd to indicate that he might be the man and hence the authorities brought him here but the contrast in the facial resemblance is so great that there is no donbt as to him not being the right man. Policeman Chambers asked the commisioners to pay him his expences for bringing him here, which was $23.48, but at this writing they had not yet voted to do so, claiming they had not authorized him to bring the man.

—How nervous some people do get when they go to get a marriage license. On Thursday afternoon a young man from up Bald Eagle somewhere near Port Matilda, walked into the Register's office and presented a request for a license, but he was just terribly afraid the "awful newspapers" would publish it and the poor fellow used up two or three dictionaries and a cyclopedia in his frantic endeavors to induce the Register to say it would not be published. The young man had a full-blooded streak of buck-ague and, midst it all, he was being asked the necessary questions so that before he knew what was being done the register handed him his license. This seemed to bring relief and the young man walked away smiling and happy and now there is good prospects of a wedding in high life up near Port Matilda, and that in the near future.

Life Insurance Frauds.

One of the most interesting columns in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper is devoted to the exposure of life insurance frauds, and is signed "The Hermit." This paper's advice regarding speculation and investment on all Street, in the "Jasper" article, also attracts a great deal of attention. Then comes a regular fashion article and a splendid lot of pictures, including this week a page of views in the Congo country, floods in the Ohio river, a full page of Boston and one of New York typical street scenes, a page of gems by ameture photographers, a page on the recent Indian troubles, a picture of a famous Louisville, Ky., belle, and other features of special interest. Buy it of your newsdealer for ten cents.

—Geo. W. Jackson & Co. are soon going to make extensive repairs and changes in their roller mill in this place. New and more extensive machinery will be introduced and the entire mill so altered and remodeled as to make it seem like a new place. This is rendered necessary because of the increasing trade of that mill.

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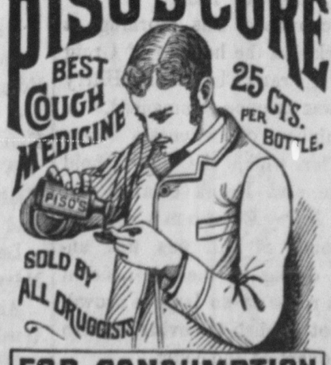

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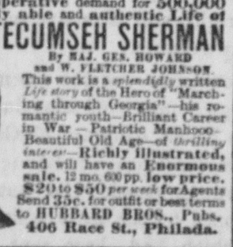

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This standard brand of plug tobacco is acknowledged to be the best chew and the largest piece for the money in the market. *Vinco tin tag on each lump.* Its extensive sale for many years has established its reputation. There is nothing better. Try it. For sale by dealers and grocers.

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A Message for LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, Nervous General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older or Young. Robust Health RESTORED Fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

RUPTURE
—Thousands have been permanently cured by—
DR. J. B. MAYER 831 ARCH ST
PHILADELPHIA, PA. Ease at once, no operation or loss of time from business. Cases pronounced incurable by others wanted. Send for Circular.
CURE GUARANTEED. Advice Free. Office Hours 9 to 3.

"Home, Sweet Home" Unites Husband and Wife.

Husband and wife had been quarreling, says a Columbus paper. The trouble began in the house, but the belligerents had reached the side walk, where hostilities were resumed. She declared in the heat of passion that she would not live with him another hour. He retorted that it didn't make any difference, the quicker the separation came the better it would be for both.

The husband, raising his voice to a high pitch, said:

"This ends all relations between us."

"Go," said the wife, "I do not care now, for our home is only in name."

Suddenly there burst upon the night the strains of "Home, Sweet Home." It was the music of an orchestra that had just then begun a serenade to a resident near by. It seems that the company of musicians had been instructed, for the piece was never rendered any better than it was that night.

The husband and wife ceased quarreling, and both stood as if rooted to the spot. The effect upon them could be seen at a glance. Both were weeping. There was a brief but terrific struggle between duty and pride.

The husband glanced at the wife in a pitiful sort of way, and his look was returned. As the strains of the great song were dying away they rushed into each other's arms. The love of former years was then and there revived.

Gallantry of the Sioux

A correspondent, who has just returned from Pine Ridge Agency, tells a story of the visiting Sioux Indians, who are now in Washington. He says:

"Reading of the reception the Indians received in church last Sunday, and the fact that they attended the theater Monday evening, recalls a funny incident that happened when they were in Chicago a few days ago en route to Washington. The manager who has charge of the visiting Indians thought he would amuse them by taking them to the theater in the evening. He never for a moment thought that tragedy would rouse the warlike nature, of which the Sioux is so abundantly endowed. Well, he got them into several boxes all right, and everything went well until the third act. The play was a heavy tragedy and in this act the heroine was to be killed. The minute the villain attempted to strike the woman with a knife, three of the Sioux rose from their seats and actually prepared to leap over the boxes on to the stage for the purpose of rescuing the heroine. The theater was soon in an uproar, and it was only by removing the three refractory Indians from the theater that the actors could proceed. That also explains why they were taken to see a light opera in Washington."

Boston's Belief in Ghosts.

It is not long since that an author whom all the reading world of America admires for his clearheadedness, laid down the proposition at a dinner table where a brilliant company were assembled that it is impossible to believe in immortality without allowing at least the possibility of ghosts. He was asked if he believed in haunted houses and answered in the affirmative with the greatest readiness and emphasis. It was in comment upon the talk at this dinner party that the statement was made by a lady who knows the best social and literary life of Boston, that it was nowadays looked upon as a proof that one is not up with the times here to express a doubt of the reality of the incidents which make up the staple of ghostly tales. "You are at liberty," she said, "to have any theory you choose in regard to them. Nobody insists that you shall believe that they are caused by intelligent or unintelligent personalities. You may talk of unknown forces, undiscovered laws, of mind influence, or anything else that comes into your head, but you must not presume to doubt that things have happened."—[Book Buyer.

A Pickaninny's Syrup Jug.

Carrying water in a sieve has always been a proverbial piece of difficulty, and conveying molasses in a paper bag seems about as impossible. But it isn't. When the dusky messenger demands "fi' cents' wurf of 'lasses," the groceryman takes an ordinary "two pound" paper bag, blows it full of air to see it is tight, and holds it under the spigot of the barrel until the novel pail is half full of the dark treacle. The small African takes it by the top and marches home as indifferently as though carrying grits. The bag seldom collapses and answers every purpose, and an extra advantage for the bag is that the children can chew the paper when its mission is done.—[Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.

Safer Car Light Needed.

The *Railroad Gazette's* record of train accidents for the last three years: We find recorded in that time 26 cases in which passenger trains have been in whole or in part destroyed by fire, and in four of those cases the fire is reported to have started from kerosene lamps. In many of the other cases the origin of the fire was uncertain; in some of them, it may have been a lamp, and probably was. It is not likely that all such fires have been made public; in fact, we heard of a recent one that never got into print. Some of these cases have been attended with loss of property, and they serve to point out the necessity of a safer light for all classes of cars that run in passenger service.

Stanley Relinquishes a Theory.

Stanley has given up an opinion he entertained when he set out in search of Livingstone. He was then led to believe by the natives that a white or light colored people would be found somewhere in central Africa. Now he feels sure that the African is quite as black as he is painted.

"This is the blanket the dealer told me was as good as a 5/A."

FREE—Get from your dealer free, the 5/A Book. It has handsome pictures and valuable information about horses.
Two or three dollars for a 5/A Horse Blanket will make your horse worth more and eat less to keep warm.
Ask for { 5/A Five Mile / 5/A Boss Stable / 5/A Electric / 5/A Extra Test }
30 other styles at prices to suit everybody. If your dealer won't get them from your deal[illegible]
5/A LAP DUSTERS
ARE THE BEST.
100 styles, prices to suit all.
WM. AYRES & SONS, PHILADELPHIA.
Sold by all dealers.

The greatest improvement in Corsets during the past twenty years is the use of Coraline in the place of horn or whalebone. It is used in all of Dr. Warner's Corsets and in *no others.*
The advantages of Coraline over horn or whalebone are that it does not become set like whalebone, and it is more flexible and more durable.
Dr. Warner's Coraline Corsets are made in twenty-four different styles, fitting every variety of figures—thin, medium, stout, long waists and short waists.
Sold everywhere.
WARNER BROS., Mfrs.,
New York and Chicago.

Rubber shoes unless worn uncomfortably tight generally slip off the feet.
THE "COLCHESTER" RUBBER CO.
make all their shoes with inside of heel lined with rubber. This clings to the shoe and prevents the rubber from slipping off.
Call for the "Colchester."
"ADHESIVE COUNTERS."
Graff Son, & Co., Wholesale Agents'
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MONEY can be earned at our NEW line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new land, and brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $25 to $50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. No space to explain here. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Bellefonte Republican,

To CORRESPONDENTS.- No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

CHAS. L. GATES, - - LESSEE
Editor and Business Manager.

Local Department.

—Two days rain and one day sunshine.

—Are you laying up eggs for easter?

—The peanut crop is reported good.

—All-fool's day is less than three weeks off.

—March has five Sundays and five moons.

—The Lenten season is fast drawing to a close.

—Quite a little snow storm on Saturday night.

—New subscribers are added to our list every day.

—Spring lamb will soon be a table luxury for the rich.

—Some young men spend much waist-time on Sunday nights.

—A new quarter mile race track is being laid at the State College.

—The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Taylor died Monday morning.

—Mr. Frank Montgomery expects to occupy his new house about the first of April.

—A new porch has been put down in front of McClure's harness shop, on High street.

—Some repairs are beng made to the windows of the ladies parlor in the Brockerhoff House.

—Workmen are busily engaged in putting down new plank on the race bridge on High street.

—Everybody seems to be on the move now or will be between this and the first of April.

—The court house was crowded on Monday morning when the habeas corpus hearing was in progress.

—Commissioners' clerk Robert Hunter now spends his moonlight evenings learning to ride his bicycle.

—An old farmer said the other day that winter was over and as soon as it quit raining farm work could be done.

—The Dickinson College base ball team is scheduled to play the State College team on the Bellefonte grounds on May 2nd.

—A handsome new awning has been put up over the entrance to F. P. Blair & Co.s jewelry store in the Brockerhoff House block.

—Have you heard the original songs composed by some of our young men and locaiy applied, entitled "They're After *Me*?"

—The new double house of Mr. Zeller, on Howard street, is almost completed and will be ready for occupancy by the first of April.

—The friends and admirers of venerable reverend George Guyer will be sorry to hear that he is very ill with little chance of recovery.

—Strange, isn't it, what an interest some women will take in their neighbors affairs while their own household suffers from lack of proper attention.

—Rev. Eminhizer is now conducting a protracted meeting at Marsh Creek which is being very largely attended and creating considerable religious interest.

—Mr. William Zeller, after being confined to the house for several days with a pair of pestiferous carbuncles, is again to be found at his place of business.

—Anny Tims was arrested on Friday afternoon for an assault on a little girl and brought to Bellefonte on the late train in the evening and committed to jail.

—The entertainment given by the Y. W. C. T. U. on Friday evening was largely attended and netted quite a respectable sum of money for that organization.

—We are sorry to hear of the serious illness of both Mr. and Mrs. George Harmon, of Thomas street. Mr. Harmon is lying ill at his home and Mrs. Harmon at her home. It is to be hoped they may both speedily recover.

—In the case of the arrest of a couple gentlemen for fast driving made on Tuesday, a hearing was held before the Chief Burgess and a fine imposed, but not paid.

—We acknowledge an invitation to attend the fourth annual ball of the Hand-in Hand Hose company, of Lock Haven, which will take place on Thursday, April 2nd, 1891.

—The first annual reunion of the Central Pennsylvania Band Tournament Association will be held in Renovo on June 16th and 17th. From twenty to thirty bands are expected to participate.

—Sixty of Clinton county's citizens have been drawn as jurors to serve at the special term of court to be held in Lock Haven commencing April 27th, for the purpose of giving Charles Cleary his second trial.

—Dr. Hensyl, of Howard, in a letter published in Thursday's Philadelphia Press, scores ex-Bishop Bowman, of the Evangelical church, for his actions at the recent conference held in the eastern part of the state.

—And now the court house ring has organized a drum corps, with Prothonotary Schaeffer as fifer and deputy Foreman as drum major. They are no yet able to make much music but they can make an everlastingly lot of noise.

—The vernal equinox this year will occur on next Friday, March 20th, the paschall full moon will be along on the 25th, and Easter Sunday on the 29th. It is predicted that a very severe storm period will visit this latitude about that time.

—New Orleans justice is strong and swift. Eleven Italians were shot and lynched in that city on Saturday because a jury acquitted them of the murder of Chief Hennessey. Some of the best citizens of the town engaged in the work of justice.

—M. Nolan & Bro. invite the public in and around Bellefonte to call and examine their goods and prices. Stock in Dry Goods WILL AND MUST BE SOLD. Groceries at rock bottom prices. For ten days will sell Dry Goods, Blankets, Comforts, etc., at a sacrifice.

—Judge Furst seems to be "catching it" from all points for his utterances regarding the alleged Huntingdon "speak-easies." It is even being the cause of getting a bad reputation for Bellefonte. His Honor should go a little slow the next time he talks about "speak-easies."

—We are sorry to hear of the death of Mrs John Roan, which occurred at her home in Coleville on Thursday morning. The funeral occurred on Saturday morning. A large concourse of sorrowing friends followed the remains to the Union cemetery where interment was made.

—Justice, right and principle demands that the actual expenses incurred by Chief-of-police Chambers in bringing the man from Big Run, Jefferson county, Pa., should be paid by Centre county. The people demand it, as only countenancing an honest effort to bring to justice a most dangerous criminal.

—On Wednesday Mr. John C. Miller and family moved into the brick house on Spring street recently occupied by Mrs. Rogers and owned by Mr. Potter. Mr. Charles Tripple also moved into the house on East Lamb street owned by Mr. D. K. Tate and last occupied by Mr. Zanes. Charlie has moved into a good neighborhood.

—On Friday the funeral of Mr. Thomas Harbridge, Jr., a young man who went from Julian Furnace to West Virginia a few years ago to learn the barber trade, occurred from his father, Mr Thomas Harbridge, Sr's. residence at Julian Furnace The young man died of typhoid pneumonia in his southern home and the remains were brought to this county on Thursday.

—A correspondent writing from Green Cove Springs, Florida, describes as a "specialty" an "immense sulphur spring as strong as the Bellefonte spring, clear as a crystal, and in some places twenty feet deep; the sulphur is so strong that the atmospere is impregnated and to drink the water is like pulling a tooth. However, its medicinal qualities for certain diseases are very well attested."

Indian Horrors.

Mr. Boyd Cowher has taken the agency for the book entitled "Indian Horrors." It is a handsomely gotten up and finely illustrated edition of Indian history; containing a full and complete history of all the tribes, their actions and wars from the discovery of America up to the present time, including the recent Indian trouble at Pine Ridge Agency, a history of Sitting Bull, his tragic death, etc. Other works are being offered for sale which are represented to be a full history but they are not, as Mr. Cowher has the sole right, for Centre county, for the only full and complete book published. When he visits you examine his book and give him an order as the book is a valuable history, in addition to being very interesting reading.

A New Electrict Railway.

And now again there is talk of a movement being started to build an electric railway in Bellefonte. This time, it is said, Mr. C. M. Bower, is one of the parties in interest. Thus far, however, the project is all wind and it will probably require some time before anything more substantial will be developed. The DAILY NEWS suggests, that when operations on the new line have been commenced, it will be extended as far as Milesburg. This would then render it a good paying investment.

They Surprised Him.

On Tuesday evening a party of the leading citizens of Bellefonte numbering about fifteen, and among whom were such legal lights as Col. J. L. Spangler, C. M. Bower, W. J. Singer, Esq., as well as other prominent citizens, assembled at the residence of Mr. A. Sternberg, in this place, for the purpose of enjoying a farewell evening with him and family before they depart for the far west. An elegant repast was served which, by the way, had all been furnished by the guests, and a thoroughly delightful evening was spent.

Off for Tennessee.

Miss Potts, sister of Mr. George Potts, who a few months ago was a resident of Bellefonte, is now in this place overseeing the packing of their household goods preparatory to shpiping the same to Tennessee, where Mr. Potts is now engaged in extensive iron and ore industries. The goods will all be shipped in a few days, after which the handsome residence on the corner of Spring and High street, and which belongs to the Reynolds estate, will be vacant.

Figs and Lemons.

Mr. Gotlieb Haag has at his hotel a fig tree on which the fruit is now ripening; also a lemon tree in full bloom. It has required considerable care and trouble to cultivate these trees, but Mr. Haag believes that what is worth doing at all is worth doing right. He exhibits the same spirit in the keeping of his hotel which he has so remodeled and beautified as to make it almost the equal of any in town.

Died

Eva Wise was born in Haines township, Centre county, April 15, 1808, and died at the home of John Wise in Greene township, Clinton county, March 8, 1891, aged 82 years, 10 months and 23 days. She was converted in her 15th year and united with the Evangelical Association of which she was a faithful member for 68 years.

Will Move Their Office.

On April first the Western Union Telegraph office will be moved from room 14, which they now occupy in Bush Arcade, to room 8 in the same building. Room 8 is the first room to the right at the head of the stairs on the second floor and the location will be a much more pleasant one than where the office is now situated, as the view from the large double windows is quite extended.

Salvation Oil quickly finds its way to the seat of the disease, allays the inflammation, and, by removing the cause, effects a permanent cure. 25 cts.

Mr. Ruskin thinks there is a great future for American art—but he hardly realizes the enormous demand over here for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

—We are extremely sorry to hear of the illness of Mr. A. J. Crnse, who has now been confined to the house for a week or more; we trust he will speedily recover.

SEASONABLE SNAP-SHOTS

AS GATHERED TOGETHER BY OUR FAIR CORRESPONDENT.

The skirt dance is a craze which is sweeping over the country and has even paralyzed cultured Bostonians Who knows but what Bellefonte girls will be caught with the same spasm.

***

This is about the time of the year that the traveling salesman makes himself obvious to the average housewife. First comes the clothes wringer man, who is so solicitous about your strength and comfort, that he earnestly begs you to throw away any other like invention and purchase a superior article from him. The man with the stove enamel steps in next and with a gentle flourish of the hand and one or two seemingly light strokes makes a shining streak on your stoves and shames you into buying a dollar's worth of the stuff, assuring you of the fact that you couldn't obtain it from anybody else and that he will not come around again for two years. You can probably use it to the best advantage by throwing it at stray hens in your back yard. You meet the agent with his nursery stock, with the firm conviction that you do not intend to be wheedled into buying what you do not want this time, but his polite audacity, as he smilingly enters your abode and tells you so sweetly that he dislikes so much to take up your valuable time, but at the same time knows you cannot fail to enjoy looking at a few specimens of roses and other choice plants, then as he opens up his books and displays the lovely and natural looking blossoms, you find yourself going in admiration, and the first thing you know, under the charm of his pleasant manner and skillfully turned compliments to yourself, you give an order of five or ten dollars. After he takes his departure you retire to your chamber, (after giving orders to Jane to tell the next one that comes that you are not at home) and ruminate as to the best plan of imparting the information to your husband, and the prospects of obtaining the money when the order is filled.

***

The interior of the hamndsoe residence of General Hastings presented a bright and attractive scene on Tuesday evening.

The occasion was the assembling of a large number of acquaintances of Miss Helen, daughter of General and Mrs. Hastings, numbering 75 or more young people, who gathered in responce to the little white missives which had been sent forth. The large parlor was tastefully and attractively decorated and the floor waxed for the enjoyment of the restless feet which would keep time to the music in the merry dance. The grand march was participated in by all. Mr. George Brandon, Jr., presided at the piano. The refreshments, which always add much to the enjoyment of such an occasion, were delicious and appropriate, consisting of thin slices of buttered bread, olives and pickles, cake and ice cream, lady fingers tied with pink ribbon, gelatin, bananas and oranges, and fine confectionery. The party broke up about eleven o'clock, and will be long remembered as an evening of great pleasure by all present. Miss Grace Houck, Miss Sadie Malin and Miss Jessie Saltzman were present in charming evening costumes. Several lady acquaintances of Mrs. Hastings were also present, interested spectators of the young people's enjoyment.

***

The very fact that there are burglars in town keeps the timid female in a state of nervous excitability all the time. If a shutter bangs or a door creaks, they think it is a burglar sure and the alarm is given. More than one mature female will look carefully under the bed, in the closet and behind the chairs before preparing for bed these nights. Supposing in her search for a burglar she should actually put her hand on a man, in the darkness as she groups in the wardrobe, shivers of horror and cold sweat! wouldn't her shrill screams paralyze him though? Well we should think so. It is a fact that no woman will venture out now after dark without an escort. And they do say there are swarms of gypsies about the town, but as they only want victuals all you have to do is to lay out some choice refreshments on the dining room table, with a few silver spoons and they will depart in peace, and you can sleep on undisturbed.

***

The prospects are that society people will launch out with a season of gayety after the dull monotony of keeping lent. A number of card parties, teas, and a couple of hops at the College are in anticipation.

***

Mrs. George W. Jackson entertained a large circle of friends with a fancy work tea this afternoon, bebetween the hours of two and three. Mrs. Jackson is a most agreeable hostess, and the occasion was a most enjoyable one.

***

Mrs. Daniel Keller gave a large dinner party to her friends on Thursday afternoon.

***

There being no service at the Methodist church on Sunday the members of that congregation took advantage of the opportunity to attend worship at the other churches. Mr. Houck is away attending the conference at Sunbury. In the Presbyterian church the Rev. Laurie preached both morning and evening. In addition to a good sermon in the morning his congregation was treated to one of characteristic speeches in regard to money matters. It was his opinion that too much money was forth coming or outgoing in the support of other denominations in town which should be devoted to helping their sister church in Milesburg, a church so much in need of assistance. Others present were of the same opinion as Mr. Laurie. The choir rendered the Te Deum in excellent style. At the evening service the opening piece was fairly grand, it gave a chance in the solos to display to perfection the sweet and powerful voice of Mrs. Mann; also Mr. Hughes, and the much admired voice of Mr. Blanchard.

***

I have heard considerable talk lately about the callithumpians. The last disturbance which occured lately, should have been located at the upper end of Lamb street. If callithumpians must thump let them thump in the right place. People will get married you know, and so they must expect some sort of a blow-out from these unharmonious musicians. But let the bedlum be confined to that district which holds the guilty couple and not awaken the whole town with their bang-bong bangs, and make people believe there is an earthquake, burglars, or the judgement day approaching.

SPARKLE.

Held for Trial.

Court convened this morning at ten o'clock and the hearing of Craig Grassmire, Frank Charles and Harry Charles was at once commenced. A large number of witnesses were heard after which the court held Grassmire and Frank Charles for trial and Harry Charles as a witness. The amount of bail was not announced owing to the presence in the court room of so large a crowd. We do not publish the evidence also at the request of the court.

Death of Mrs. Downing.

On Sunday night after a lingering illness of many days, Mrs. Geo. Downing, died at her home on East Bishop street. The cause of her death was an affection not unlike pleurisy. Deceased was aged about 53 years. She was the mother of six children, all grown up and several of whom are married.

No More Fast Driving.

The borough council has given instructions to the police to see that the ordinance prohibiting fast driving over bridges is enforced or make all offenders pay the penalty.

Transfers of Real Estate.

Jno. and Geo. Zeigler to Wm. Lucas, lot in Marion twp.

Howard Fleck to Elizabeth Fleck, lot in Philipsburg.

F. F. Smith to Samuel Conaway, lot in Rush twp.

Amos Garbrick to Emma Dane, lot in Spring twp.

Catharine Holt to James Scurfield, lot in Howard.

T. A. Long to Margaret Lucas, lot in Philipsburg.

George Williams to C. M. Williams, lot in College twp.

John Snyder et al to Wm. D. Keller, lot in Potter twp.

Wm. D. Keller to Mary A. Snyder, lot in Potter twp.

Steel Hunter to Francis Hunter, lot in Spring twp.

J. C. Meyer to V. J. Bauer, lot in Bellefonte.

Jesse Swartz to Daniel Dorman, lot in Walker twp.

Bellefonte B. & L. Assn. to Margaret Brockerhoff, lot in Potter twp.

Elizabeth Lucas to Mary E. Yeager, lot in Curtin twp.

John Curtin to Elizabeth Lucas, lot in Curtin twp.

John Warner to George Leyman, lot in Curtin twp.

Samuel Watkins to same, lot in same place.

Seriously Hurt.

Early yesterday morning Engineer Lebkecker, of the Bald Eagle Valley railroad, who is a stranger here and unacquainted with the locality, brought his freight train up from the lower yard to the station, where he waited for orders, while the fireman ran on a little distance up the track with the engine. When he was ready the engineer started to regain the engine on foot, but fell in the culvert at the nail mill and was badly injured, among his other hurts being a broken nose. He was taken to Bellefonte where his injuries were attended to.—Lock Haven *Democrat*.

Heed the Warning,

It is not infrequently the case that itching pimples and irritating "cat boils" are the forerunners of larger boils, or the more serious carbuncles. Invariably Nature puts out her danger signals, and they should be heeded at once. The pimples and little boils show that the blood is not in a good condition and nature is trying to relieve the system. A few doses of Swift's Specific at this juncture will accomplish wonders. The eruption will be healed and the system cleansed of its impurities. The modern paraphrase of the old saying, "A stitch in time," etc., is that "Timely stitches will save nine pairs of breeches." The modern form has a touch of humor that does not modify the truth of it. In that vein, we may say that a course of Swift's Specific prevents blisters &c.

Marriage Licenses.

Issued during the past week:

Calvin A. Weaver and Dora May Edmunds, both of Aaronsburg, Pa.

J. O. Meese, of Philipsburg, and Emma Peters, of Port Matilda, Pa.

William Wilson and Elizabeth Hickman, both of Ashcroft, Clearfield county, Pa.

Louis Youngdale, of Ashcroft, and Mary Melngrew, of Philipsburg, Pa.

Arthur A. Morris and Betsy E. Washburton, of Gearheartvile, Pa.

Harry Woomer, of Tyrone, and Annie Dixon, of Oceola, Pa.

A Painful Accident.

On Saturday morning while James Noll, plasterer, was holding a piece of timber for another man to nail fast, the hatchet glanced and the nail, which had not yet become firmly set, flew away and struck Noll fair in the eye. It was at first thought he would loose his eye but this morning it is reported that the eye, as well as the sight, can be saved.

Every tissue of the body, every bone, muscle and organ, is made stronger and more healthful by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE